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GEN. PRICE'S REPORT OF THE MISSOURI CAMPAIGN, 1864.

General :—I have the honor to make the following report of my operations in the late expedition to Missouri. I regret to state that the report is meagre and incomplete, for the reason that Maj. Gen. Marmaduke and Brig. Gen. Cabell, who bore so honorable and conspicuous a share in the greater part of the expedition, were captured before its close and are prisoners in the hands of the enemy: whilst Maj. Gen. Fagan, who commanded the Arkansas troops, composing a large part of the forces engaged, has as yet been unable to make any report nor have any been received from the subordinate commanders. In conformity with the letter of instructions from Gen. E. Kirby Smith, dated 11th August, 1864, I made immediate arrangements for a movement into Missouri, as concluded upon in my interview and conference with him upon that subject, with the cavalry force in the District of Arkansas, then under my command, being promised, in addition, the brigade of Louisiana cavalry, commanded by Col. Harrison, estimated at 1,500 strong. At the same time, information in full detail of the proposed movement, of the route to be pursued, and of the probable time when it would be made, was, without delay, sent by me to Brig. Gen. Shelby, who then commanded in North East Arkansas, with instructions to make an attack when in his judgment he should deem advisable, upon Du Vall's Bluff and the railroad between Little Rock and White River, in the possession of the enemy, and by diverting their attention, enable me to cross the lower Arkansas and unite our forces without danger of failure. These instructions were carried out in full by Gen. Shelby, and resulted in an attack upon the railroad, terminating in the most complete success; over 400 Federals captured, 300 killed and wounded, 6 forts taken and destroyed, 10 miles of railroad destroyed, as well

as vast quantities of forage, &c.; full particulars of which are contained in Gen. Shelby's Report accompanying. This exploit was one of the most brilliant of the war, and cast additional lustre upon the well earned fame of that gallant general and the officers and men under his command. It was part of the plan concluded upon, that I should cross the Arkansas river about the 20th of August, with the troops under my immediate command, but from delay in receiving the necessary ordnance stores, I was unable to do so. Finally, the required complement was received on the 27th, and on the 28th of August, I was relieved from the command of the District of Arkansas, and crossed the Ouachita river. On the 29th, arrived at Princeton, where the divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke were, and assumed command of all the cavalry in the District of Arkansas, according to the instructions of Gen. Smith above referred to. In the mean time, owing to the delay in starting, I was of the opinion that the enemy had become informed of my intended line of march, and concluded to cross the Arkansas river at the most feasible point north of Little Rock and south of Fort Smith, taking into consideration the probable means of obtaining forage and subsistence.

On the 30th, I took up my line of march in the direction of Little Rock, and arrived that afternoon at Tulip, a distance of 9 miles. Colonel Harrison's brigade had not yet arrived, but as I could wait no longer, I left instructions, at Princeton, directing him, if he should arrive there within three days, to follow on and form a junction with me, giving him information of the route I should take; but in case he did not reach Princeton, in that time, he should then report to the commanding officer of the District of Arkansas. Colonel Harrison did not take part in the expedition.

On the morning of the 31st, I resumed my march in the same direction as on the previous day, and continued on the same until within 7 miles of Benton, when I diverged to the left, taking a North-west direction, sending Major General Fagan across the Saline river to make a demonstration towards Little Rock, and to protect my right flank. On the 5th September, he joined me, bringing up the rear. I reached Dardanelle, on the Arkansas river, a distance of 167 miles from Camden, on 6th September. The country, through which I had passed, was hilly, and in some parts mountainous, sparsely settled, but plenty of forage and subsistence was obtained. The Arkansas being fordable at this point, on the 7th I crossed and marched to Dover, a distance of 14 miles. Major General Marmaduke, with his division, and part of his train, had already crossed before my arrival, thus covering the crossing of the remainder of the army.

At Princeton, verbal and written communications had been sent to Brig. Gen. Shelby, apprising him of the changes of route, and directing him to join me at Batesville. But up to this time, I had

received no information from him of his movements or position. I resumed the march in the direction of the last mentioned point. Major General Fagan with his command marching along the Springfield road, and Major General Marmaduke, and Head-quarters train, the Clinton road; taking separate roads on account of the scarcity of forage, and to rid that section of country of deserters and Federal jayhawkers as they are termed, (*i. e.* robbers and murderers) with which that country is infested. These bands, however, dispersed and took refuge in the mountains at the approach of the army; several were killed and a few taken prisoners. Arriving at Little Red river on the 10th, and still without information of the position or movements of General Shelby, I dispatched an officer of known skill and daring to communicate with him, directing that he should unite himself with the rest of the command at once. On the 18th, I arrived at a point on White river, 18 miles above Batesville, and received information that Brigadier General Shelby was at Powhatan, about 64 miles North-east of Batesville, and on the selected route to Missouri. I adopted the town Pocahontas, as the point of rendezvous, and directed Major General Marmaduke, with his own command and train, and that of Head-quarters, to march to that point direct, while I proceeded to Batesville, and thence to Powhatan. Major General Fagan, with his division, who had arrived at Batesville, marched to Powhatan on the left. I arrived on 13th September and found General Shelby with part of his command. Reached Pocahontas the next day, and then the remainder of Shelby's command reported, including the brigades of Jackman, McCroy and Dobbins. In fine, the whole army was concentrated. The country over which I had passed was rugged and mountainous in the extreme, and had damaged the transportation to some extent, but it had been, or was on the point of being repaired, and on the other hand, by adopting the routes marched over, sufficient forage and subsistence had been obtained.

The towns and villages, through which I had passed, had been robbed, pillaged, burned, and otherwise destroyed by the enemy, and were nearly deserted by the former inhabitants; in fact, the whole country presented but a scene of desolation.

Upon arriving at Pocahontas, I proceeded to organize the army, which was completed on the 18th, as follows:

Fagan's division, commanded by Major General J. F. Fagan, composed of Brigadier General W. L. Cabell's brigade, Colonel Slemmons', Colonel McCroy's and Colonel Dobbin's brigades, Cols. Lyles' and Rogan's commands, and Captain Andrews' battalion.

Marmaduke's division, commanded by Major General J. S. Marmaduke, composed of Brig. General Jno. B. Clark's and Colonel Freeman's brigades, Col. Kitchen's regiment, and Lieut. Col. R. C. Woods' battalion.

Shelby's division, commanded

by Brigadier General J. O. Shelby, consisted of Colonels Shanks' and Jackson's brigades, and Colonel Coleman's command.

Having determined to invade Missouri in three columns, Gen. Fagan with his division was ordered to march to Fredericktown, Missouri, by the way of Martinsburg, Reeves' Station and Greenville. Major General Marmaduke, with his division, was ordered to march to the vicinity of Fredericktown, Missouri, to the right of the route to be followed by Fagan's division, as above designated; varying from it 10 to 30 miles, or as near within those limits as might be practicable, on account of the roads and forage. Shelby, with his command, was to march to the vicinity of Fredericktown, by a route to the left of Gen. Fagan's, varying from 10 to 20 miles, as nearly as practicable, on account of roads and forage. Head-quarters to march with the centre column. At Fredericktown, the three divisions were ordered to form a junction. A map of the route to be followed was furnished each of the division commanders. The most stringent orders were issued against straggling and pillaging, under the severest penalties, and the division commanders were earnestly enjoined to use their utmost endeavors to have the orders carried into effect in every particular, and without delay.

On the 19th of September, the army marched in the order above designated, and on that day, I entered Missouri, with 12,000 men, only 8,000 however, armed, and 14 pieces of artillery; and on the 24th of September, reached Fredericktown, Missouri, with the centre column. Brig. Gen. Shelby was in the advance, passing, in his route, through Doniphan and Patterson. Whilst Major General Marmaduke, whose route was by Poplar Bluff, Castorville, and Dallas, had not yet come up. On the 19th, before Brigadier General Shelby reached Doniphan, news of the arrival of the army having been received, a force of the enemy, composed of a part of the Federal, Missouri, 12th cavalry, then occupying the place, withdrew, first setting fire to the town, which was consumed, and retreated to Pender's mills (burning the houses of citizens as they passed) where they were overtaken the next day, and routed with a loss of a lieutenant and 3 men killed, 4 wounded, and 6 prisoners, besides several horses and small arms; our loss 2 killed and 5 wounded.

On the 22nd, Brigadier General Shelby attacked the town of Patterson, but the garrison having received information of his approach, hastily evacuated the place, with a loss of 28 killed and several wounded; also a telegraph battery and operator captured: no loss on our part.

On the 25th, I remained at Fredericktown awaiting the arrival of Marmaduke's division, which came up that evening within 8 miles of the place. Gen. Marmaduke, on his route, had a few skirmishes with the Federal militia, killing and wounding 4 and capturing 11. Col. Jeffries, of Marmaduke's division, had, before the

arrival of the army at Pocahontas, been sent with his regiment to Bloomfield, Mo., which the enemy evacuated on his approach, killing a number and capturing arms and six wagon loads of army stores. He rejoined his brigade (Clark's) on the 24th: detached again on the 25th, he attacked, and by a gallant charge, drove the enemy out of the town of old Jackson—for particulars see Brig. Gen. Clark's Report. I received at Fredericktown, satisfactory evidence that the strength of the enemy at Ironton was about 1500, and that the Federal General A. J. Smith, was camped about 10 miles from St. Louis with his corps, composed of about 8,000 infantry, on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad. I immediately ordered Brig. General Shelby to proceed at once with his division, by way of Farmington, to a point on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, where there were then five bridges in close proximity to each other, to destroy the railroad there and the bridges, and after effecting that object, to fall back in the direction of Ironton and Pilot Knob, which would effectually prevent Gen. A. J. Smith from reinforcing the garrison at those places, which I would attack and take with the divisions of Major Generals Fagan and Marmaduke. Gen. Shelby proceeded to the point indicated and performed the duty assigned him, in the most complete and effectual manner, destroying the splendid bridge at Irondale as well as the three mentioned, tearing up miles and miles of the track, burning the ties, rails, &c.: for full particulars reference is made to his Report accompanying. On the morning of the 26th, being rejoined by Maj. Gen. Marmaduke with his division, I proceeded at an early hour with his and Fagan's divisions, in the direction of Ironton and Pilot Knob, at the same time sending forward a portion of Fagan's division to take and hold a difficult pass, in that direction, between two mountains, within 3 and 4 miles of Ironton. This was effected rapidly, and with success. That evening, I sent forward the remainder of his division, leaving his train at St. Francois creek, where forage could be obtained for the animals, and where I encamped for the night with the rest of the command. That evening, Gen. Fagan drove in the Federal pickets at Arcadia and took position before the town for the night. Next morning, he drove the enemy from Arcadia, where they abandoned a very strong position, through Ironton, where he also took a strong fort, in a most gallant and brilliant manner. The enemy took refuge behind their fortifications at Pilot Knob. Having received such information as appeared to be perfectly reliable concerning the character and strength of the fortifications, as induced me to believe that the place could be taken without great loss, I accordingly directed Maj. Gen. Marmaduke to take possession of Shepherd's Mountain, which was west of the fortifications and completely commanded them. This was most satisfactorily accomplished, and his artillery placed in posi-

tion on the mountain. Maj. Gen. Fagan formed on the South and East. Skirmishing took place all the day, and firing of artillery from the enemy until 2 P. M. when a charge was ordered and made in the most gallant and determined manner: officers and men vieing with each other, in both divisions, in deeds of unsurpassed bravery—charging up to the muzzles of the enemy's cannon. Where all acted as heroes, it would seem almost invidious to make any exception; but I must be allowed to call attention to the courage and gallantry of General Cabell in leading his men to the assault, having his horse killed under him within 40 yards of the fort. But the information, I had received in regard to the strength of the fortifications, proved totally incorrect. Our troops were repulsed, and it being too late to renew the assault, they were withdrawn beyond reach of the enemy's guns, and preparations were made for a renewal of the assault on next day. I had dispatched a courier, on the morning of the 27th, to Brig. Gen. Shelby, informing him of the proposed operations, and directing him to rejoin the main army to assist in the attack, and on the evening of the 27th, another courier was dispatched, informing him of the capture of Arcadia and Ironton, and of the repulse at Pilot Knob, and of my design to renew there the attack on the following morning, and hoping that the courier would meet him on the way, instructed him to join me, as also the route to pursue. Neither of these communications, as it appears, was received by Brig. Gen. Shelby, who, having heard that there was a force of the enemy at Potosi, had left the railroad and marched to attack them at that place, which was captured by him with its garrison of 150 Federals, arms, &c. The depot of the railroad at that place, with seven fine cars, were also destroyed: for full particulars reference is made to the accompanying Report of Brig. Gen. Shelby.

The enemy at Pilot Knob, on the night following the first attack, evacuated the fort, blowing up the magazine, leaving in my possession 16 pieces of artillery, a large number of small arms, a large amount of army stores, consisting of bales of blankets, hundreds of barrels of flour and bacon, quantities of coffee, &c. After destroying the artillery, which I could not take with me, and distributing among the troops such of the stores as were needed, I moved my command 12 miles on the road the enemy had retreated, sending Marmaduke forward in pursuit, in command of his own and Shelby's divisions, which had rejoined the command. Untiring pursuit was made night and day, but it was not until the evening of the following day, that he was overtaken, owing to the natural difficulties presented by the country over which the enemy retreated. Major General Marmaduke, who was in advance, fought him until an hour before sunset, when Shelby was thrown in front, and the fight continued until dark. The enemy having thrown up fortifica-

tions during the night, it was deemed not advisable to renew the attack, and the forces were withdrawn: the particulars in full are contained in accompanying Reports of Brigadier Generals Shelby and Clark.

My loss in this effort, I cannot give, as I have no Report from Fagan's division, but the loss in Marmaduke's division, was 14 officers and 80 men killed and wounded. The loss in Fagan's division was, doubtless, greater. Whilst at Ironton, receiving information that the Federal forces exceeded my own two to one, and knowing the city to be strongly fortified, I determined to move as fast as possible on Jefferson City, destroying the railroad as I went, with a hope to capture that city with its troops and munitions of war. I arrived at Richwoods on the 30th, having passed through Potosi. Lieutenant Christian, whom I had sent to the Mississippi river before I left Camden, for the purpose of obtaining gun-caps, joined me at this place, bringing 150,000. Lieut. Christian is a most energetic and efficient officer, and deserves especial notice. Major General Fagan sent 300 men to DeSoto to destroy the depot, which was effected and the militia, who had gathered there in some numbers, at the same time was scattered. At the same time, General Cabell was sent with his brigade to cut the Pacific railroad, east of Franklin, which he did effectually, also burning the depot in that town. On the 29th, Colonel Burbridge and Lieut. Colonel Wood were detached by Major General Marmaduke, and sent to Cuba to destroy the depots on the South-west branch of the Pacific railroad, at that place, which they succeeded in doing. The divisions of Marmaduke and Shelby tore up several miles of the South-west branch of the Pacific railroad. For full details, see Reports of Brigadier Generals Clark and Shelby. Lieut. Col. Wood, of Marmaduke's division, destroyed the important bridge over the Moselle. These two divisions were sent forward in the direction of Union, which was captured by Brig. Gen. Clark, killing 32 and wounding 70 of the Federal garrison. On the 2d of October, Clark's brigade took possession of Washington, without opposition, and destroyed the Pacific railroad bridge about two miles from that place. On the 3d, a train was captured at Miller's station, with a large amount of clothing and 400 Sharp's Rifles. On the same evening the town of Hermann was taken possession of, after a slight opposition, (the enemy abandoning a 6 pound iron gun) by Clark's brigade: for particulars see Report of Brig. General Clark, with the accompanying report of Col. Green. On the 4th of October, Maj. Gen. Marmaduke sent 400 men, with one gun, under command of Lieut. Colonel Wood, to destroy the Pacific Railroad Bridge over the Gasconade river, which he effected. Linn was captured with 100 prisoners and as many arms by a portion of Shelby's division. On the 6th, Brig. Gen. Shelby sent a force under Col. Shanks to destroy the bridge over the Osage, on the

Pacific Railroad, which was successfully accomplished. A passage was there forced by him across the Osage, six miles below Castle Rock. The enemy disputed the passage warmly, but in vain. In this action, the gallant Col. Shanks received a severe if not mortal wound, and was left in the hands of friends to be cared for: he afterwards fell into the possession of the enemy and is reported to have since died—a loss greatly to be deplored. He was ever foremost in battle and last in retreat; his death would be regretted by all who mourn the loss of the good and the brave. At the same time Col. Shanks forced the passage of the Osage as stated, Col. Gordon, of the same division, forced its passage at Castle Rock, and the division bivouacked that night 7 miles from Jefferson City. On the next morning, Maj. Gen. Fagan was thrown in front with his division, and on the march came upon the enemy 5 miles from Jefferson City, in large force. A hotly contested battle immediately ensued, but the enemy was gradually driven back to Moscow creek, when being reinforced they again made an obstinate resistance, but were finally routed and forced to seek shelter in their entrenchments, Fagan occupying the heights in full view of the city. On this occasion, Maj. Gen. Fagan handled his troops with marked skill and ability, under my own immediate observation. Night approaching, I determined to move my forces two miles south of the city, where water and forage were abundant. Did so, and encamped for the night. I had received positive information that the enemy were 12,000 strong, in the city, and that 3,000 more had arrived on the opposite bank of the river, by the North Missouri railroad, before I withdrew to the encampment selected: whereupon, I gave immediate instructions to Brig. Gen. Shelby to send a sufficient force to burn the bridges and destroy the railroad west of Jefferson City, in the direction of California, the county seat of Moniteau county, and after a consultation with my General Officers, I determined not to attack the enemy in his entrenchments, as they outnumbered me two to one, and were strongly fortified, but to move my command in the direction of Kansas, as instructed in my original orders, hoping to be able to capture a sufficient number of arms, to arm my unarmed men, at Booneville, Sedalia, Lexington and Independence, places which I intended to occupy en route. The next day, I accordingly marched towards Kansas, and was followed by General McNeill who made an attack on my rear guard, Fagan's division, but was easily repulsed. Gen. Shelby's division constituting my advance, reached California on the 7th, having sent a portion of his command to destroy the Pacific railroad which it did, track, bridges, &c.; passing rapidly on to Booneville, he by a rapid charge drove in their pickets and the garrison took refuge in their entrenchments. Brig. General Shelby disposing his forces in such a manner as to prevent the arrival of reinforcements,

awaited until his artillery could come up. In the meantime, propositions for the surrender of the town were made to him and accepted. Accordingly, the place, its garrison, stores, &c., were delivered into his hands: for particulars, reference is made to his accompanying Report.

I followed on with the divisions of Major Generals Fagan and Marmaduke, and camped, on the night of the 8th, 14 miles from Jefferson City. On the 9th, marched through and beyond California, making 26 miles.—On the 10th, arrived at Booneville with the rest of the command. My reception was enthusiastic in the extreme: old and young, men, women and children, vied in their salutations and in ministering to the wants and comforts of my wearied and war-worn soldiers. About 300 prisoners were captured at Booneville, with arms, ammunition and many stores, which were distributed among the soldiers. On the 11th, hearing of the approach of General McNeill, with a cavalry force, estimated at 2,500 men, for the purpose of attacking Booneville by the Tipton road, I selected my position about ½ mile from the river, and placed the divisions of Maj. Gens. Fagan and Marmaduke in line of battle to receive him. The enemy attacked them, but was easily driven back, with loss and was pursued, by a portion of Fagan's division and Jackman's brigade, a distance of 21 miles from Booneville, with heavy loss, in spite of an obstinate resistance, and the ruggedness of the country over which the pursuit was made.

For full particulars of the action, so far as his own troops were concerned, see Report of Colonel Jackman, accompanying.

Captain Anderson, who that day reported to me, with about 100 men, was sent to destroy the North Missouri railroad: at the same time, Quantrell, with the men under his command, was sent to destroy the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, to prevent, if possible, the enemy from throwing their forces from St. Louis in my front. These officers, I was afterwards informed, did some damage to the roads, but none of advantage, and totally failed in the main object proposed, which was to destroy the large railroad bridge in the edge of St. Charles county. I moved that evening from Booneville to Chatteau Springs, on my proposed route, a distance of 11 miles, having recruited at Booneville 1,200 or 1,500 men, mostly unarmed.—That night, receiving information that there was 5,000 stand of arms stored in the City Hall at Glasgow, I sent Brig. Gen. Clark, of Marmaduke's division, with his own brigade and 500 of Jackman's, with orders to cross the river at Arrow Rock and attack the place, the next morning at daybreak and capture it. At the same time sending Brig. General Shelby, with a small portion of his division, and a section of artillery, to attack the town at the same hour from the west side of the river, to divert the attention of the enemy, and protect their advance under cover of the fire from his artillery. Owing to unforeseen difficulties in crossing the

river, Brig. Gen. Clark was unable to commence the attack for an hour after Brig. Gen. Shelby had engaged them. The place was surrendered, but not until the City Hall was destroyed and the arms consumed by fire. However, we obtained 800 or 900 prisoners, 1,200 small arms, about the same number of overcoats, 150 horses, one steamboat, and a large amount of under-clothing.—This enterprise was a great success, effected with but small loss on our side, and reflects great honor on all parties concerned.—The prisoners were paroled, such of the ordnance and other stores as could be carried were distributed and the remainder with the steamboat burned. For particulars, reference is made to the accompanying Reports of Generals Clark and Shelby. In the awards of praise contained, the commanding General cordially concurs.

On the night of the 13th, encamped at Mr. Marshall's, marching 14 miles, and on the next day to Jonesboro, 8 miles, where I was joined by Gen. Fagan, who had been left behind at the Lamine. I then ordered Brig. Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson, then commanding Shelby's old brigade, to take with him a force of not less than 800 or 1,000 men and one section of artillery by Longwood and thence to Sedalia, and to attack the Federals at that place, if he should deem it prudent and advisable. This order was promptly and completely carried out by Gen. Thompson; the place, though strongly fortified and well garrisoned, was carried by a bold and daring assault, and fell into our hands with over 200 prisoners, who were paroled, several hundred stand of arms, many pistols, and wagon loads of goods suitable to soldiers. Reference is made to the accompanying Reports of Generals Shelby and Thompson. The latter withdrew on the approach of a large force of the enemy.

On the 15th, I reached Keisus, having passed through Marshall, marching 17 miles, where I remained two days, awaiting Gen. Clark, for whose safety I began to entertain fears, inasmuch as information had been received that the enemy were on my left flank, and in my rear, in large force. Previous to the attack on Sedalia, the large and magnificent bridge over the Lamine, on the Pacific Railroad, had been destroyed by Lieut. Jas. Wood, of Elliott's battalion, who had been sent there for that purpose by Gen. Shelby. On the 17th, I received information that the enemy (Kansas troops) had entered Lexington on the 16th. On the 17th, I also received news of the capture of Sedalia by General Thompson. On the 18th, having been joined by Shelby's division and Clark's brigade of Marmaduke's division, I marched to Waverly, 22 miles.

On leaving Pocahontas, I had sent an agent of great intelligence and tact into St. Louis to ascertain the strength of the enemy at that city, with instructions to report to me, if possible, at Potosi. He was, however, so closely watched that he could not join me until I had passed that city: upon overtaking me he informed

me that I would be pursued by 24,000 men from St. Louis and 15,000 from Jefferson City, which, with the force in my front from Kansas, he believed to be the entire force, with which I would have to contend.

I then abandoned my former determination to issue an address to the people, calling upon them to rally to me, as they were already pouring in so rapidly, that I knew I would not be able to protect and feed them, and as it would require that my army should be kept together to protect them on a rapid and dangerous retreat from the State. At daybreak on the morning of the 19th, I moved from Waverly towards Lexington; General Shelby's division in the advance. Having received information that Gens. Blunt, Lane, and Jemmison, with between 3,000 and 4,000 Federals (Colorado, Kansas and Missouri Federal troops) were at Lexington, and fearing they might make a junction with McNeill and A. J. Smith, who were at Sedalia and Salt Fork, I made a flank movement to the left, after crossing Tabo, so as to intercept their line of march. The advance under Shelby met them at 2 p. m., and a battle immediately ensued. For a time the Federals fought well and resisted strenuously, but finally giving way, they were pressed by our troops, driven well past Lexington, and pursued on the road to Independence until night. That night, the enemy evacuated Lexington in great haste and confusion. Shelby's old brigade under Brig. General M. Jeff. Thompson, bivouacked that night in the suburbs of town, I encamped at Gen. Shield's, 3 miles south of Lexington, marching that day 26 miles. On the morning of the 20th, I moved west, in the same direction as before, to Five Creek prairie, 22 miles, where I encamped. Information was received that the enemy had fallen back to the Little Blue. On the 21st, I resumed my line of march to the Little Blue on the Independence road; Marmaduke's division in the front, whose advance soon came upon the enemy's pickets who, being driven across the Blue, burned the bridge as they crossed. A ford ½ mile below the bridge was seized by our troops, and Marmaduke's division crossed it. His advance, Col. Lawther's regiment, soon came upon the enemy who were strongly posted behind a stone fence, in superior numbers. Lawther's regiment was driven back and hotly pursued by the foe, when they were reinforced by Col. Green with 150 men. A fierce engagement ensued with varying success. Col. Green contesting every inch of ground, when Wood's battery arrived and the enemy gave way, but being reinforced again renewed the attack. Just as the ammunition of our troops engaged, who still manfully resisted with success, the far superior numbers of the enemy, was about to become exhausted, Col. Kitchen's regiment arrived. Again the enemy was repulsed and fell back to their former strong position.—Hearing of the critical condition of Gen. Marmaduke's division, I had sent orders for Shelby to move rapidly to his relief.—

He accordingly hastened with his division to the scene of action, and arrived there at the time the enemy had taken refuge in their first position; an attack was made upon them; a furious battle followed; the enemy was forced from his position and retreated. Gen. Shelby now taking the lead, drove them in a stubborn running fight on foot (his men having been dismounted) for 2 miles, and beyond Independence. For full particulars of this fight, reference is made to the Reports of Generals Shelby and Clark, and to that of Col. Green, accompanying the latter. In this action, Gen. Marmaduke acted with distinguished gallantry, having not less than two horses shot under him. Gen. Clark, of his division, also exhibited great skill and bravery, whilst Col. Green, by the manner in which he handled his regiment against vastly superior forces, flushed with success, beating them back with his handful of men, contesting every inch of ground until assistance came, as well as by the personal courage exhibited by him, justly excited the admiration of his superior officers. Fagan's division, under my orders, supported Gen. Shelby, but was not immediately engaged. Encamped that night in Independence, marching 26 miles, the troops being engaged most of the time.

On the evening of the 21st Capt. Williams, of Shelby's division, who had been sent on recruiting service, rejoined his command with 600 men, capturing on his route the town of Carrollton with 300 prisoners, and arming his entire command. On the morning of the 22nd, I left Independence. The enemy had fallen back to Big Blue on the Kansas City road, to a position strong by nature, and strengthened by fortifications, upon which all their art had been expended; where they had been joined by General Curtis and his forces, thus increasing Blunt's army to between 6,000 and 8,000 men. Receiving this information, I determined to advance on the Santa Fe road, with Shelby's division in front, detaching Jackman and sending him on the Kansas City road to engage the enemy, then skirmishing with the pickets. Gen. Shelby crossed the Big Blue with the remainder of his division, meeting some opposition from the enemy, which was soon overcome. After crossing, he engaged the enemy to cover the crossing and passage of the train. Gen. Thompson with his brigade, except Gordon's regiment, pressed the enemy to near the town of Westport, when he was ordered to fall back to the Blue. Colonel Gordon, with his regiment, who had been detained to guard the left, soon became engaged and was sorely pressed by overpowering numbers; when he was rejoined by Jackman, and gallantly charging, they repulsed the enemy, pursued them some distance and inflicted heavy loss upon them; also captured a 24-pound Howitzer. A large force of the enemy came out from Westport, and a fight ensued, the enemy endeavoring to regain the lost gun. They were sternly resisted and finally the arrival of Gen. Thompson and night, stopped the com-

bat. Reference is made to the Report of Gen. Shelby for particulars. Two flags were also captured and presented to me on the battle-field by Captains McCoy and Wood of Gordon's regiment, who had taken them with their own hands from the enemy. In the meantime, other forces had engaged me in the rear. Having received information that other bodies of the enemy were pursuing me, I had directed pickets to be placed at the Little Blue, to give notice of their approach.—This had been done by General Fagan, and being advised on the morning of the 22d that the enemy had attacked and driven in his pickets, he dispatched General Cabell to drive back the enemy, which he did; but on his return, coming through Independence, the enemy struck Cabell in flank, cutting off 300 or 400 men and capturing 2 pieces of artillery. Gen. Marmaduke's division which formed the rear became engaged with the same enemy, half an hour before sundown. The division was then about two miles from Independence, the advance of the enemy was checked by our troops, who then fell back ½ mile to a new position, which the enemy attacked with increasing fierceness, driving our troops steadily back until a late hour at night, and in almost impenetrable darkness.

For particulars reference is made to the accompanying Report of Gen. Clark.

I encamped that night on the battle-field, near Westport, in line of battle, having marched 12 miles, the troops constantly engaging the enemy, the whole distance. On the morning of the 23d, I took up my line of march and soon discovered the enemy in position on the prairie. The train had been sent forward on the Fort Scott road. I had instructed General Marmaduke to resist the advance of the enemy, who was in his rear, if possible, as he was on the same road as the train. Gen. Shelby immediately attacked the enemy, assisted by Gen. Fagan, with two brigades of Arkansas troops, and though they stubbornly resisted and contested every point of approach, drove them six or seven miles into Westport. In the meantime, Gen. Marmaduke who was to my right and rear, being attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy, had to fall back, after a most strenuous resistance, his ammunition being exhausted.

For full particulars reference is made to Report of Gen. Clark.

Being at that time near Westport, and in full view of Generals Fagan and Shelby's commands, I received information that my train, which was in front and on the right of the Fort Scott road, was threatened by some 2,000 or 2,500 of the enemy, moving in a line parallel with the Fort Scott road. I immediately directed Gen. Fagan and Gen. Shelby to fall back to the train as soon as they could do so with safety, which I would attempt to defend until they arrived. I immediately pushed forward to the front of the train with my escort, and there formed in line of battle the unarmed men who were present to the number of several thousand; throwing

my escort and all the armed men of Tyler's brigade forward as skirmishers, the whole not amounting to more than 200, to the front of the enemy, and directing Gen. Cabell, who arrived soon after, to hold the crossing of the creek on my left,, sending forward at the same time for a portion of Col. McCroy's brigade, which was in advance of the train, and on his arrival found him in line of battle on the left flank of the enemy, which caused the enemy to fall back a considerable distance on the prairie. In the meantime, the rear and flank of the commands of Generals Fagan and Shelby, by the falling back of Gen. Marmaduke, were uncovered, and the former, in attempting to rejoin me, was attacked by a large force of the enemy, but with the aid of Col. Jackman and his brigade, who acted so heroically and skillfully as to receive the thanks of Gen. Fagan on the field, the enemy was repulsed. Gen. Shelby, in attempting to obey my instructions, was attacked in the flank and his command thrown into some confusion, but he rallied, repulsed the enemy and joined me that evening, as did also Gen. Fagan. Full details of this are contained in the accompanying Reports of Gen. Shelby and Col. Jackman.

I encamped that night on the middle fork of Grand river, marching 24 miles, the troops having been engaged with the enemy nearly all day. The number of the enemy's troops engaged that day exceeded 20,000 well armed men, whilst I did not have 8,000 armed men.

On the evening of the 24th, I moved with the command on the Fort Scott road to the Marais du Cygnus, where I encamped, having marched 33 miles; no enemy appearing. During the night, I received information from Gen. Marmaduke, who was placed in charge of the approaches in front, that the enemy was threatening his pickets, and upon consultation with Gen. Marmaduke, we were both of the opinion that the enemy was marching upon our right by Mound City, on a road parallel to the one on which we were. We were strengthened in that belief by a dispatch, which had been captured from the commanding officer (Federal) at that place, to his scouts stationed near our then encampments; stating "that he would be largely reinforced that night, and he wanted a sharp look-out for my army, and he wanted the earliest information of the route on which I traveled, and the direction." I also learned at a late hour that night, from some recruits who joined me, and had traveled 15 miles on the route I had come, that no enemy was in my rear.

On the morning of the 25th, I resumed my march in the same direction as before, and thinking from the information received the night before that if I should encounter the enemy, it would be in my front or on my right flank.

Gen. Shelby's division composed the advance, Gens. Fagan and Marmaduke brought up the rear. Col. Tyler's brigade to the right of the centre of the train, 400 yards. Shelby's old brigade to the right of the front of the train,

400 yards, and Col. Jackman's brigade to the immediate front. On reaching Little Osage river, I sent forward a direction to Gen. Shelby to fall back to my position in rear of Jackman's brigade, for the purpose of attacking Fort Scott, where I learned there were 1,000 negroes under arms. At the moment of his reaching me, I received a dispatch from Gen. Marmaduke, in the rear, informing me that the enemy, 3,000 strong, were in sight, with lines extending, and on the note Gen. Fagan had endorsed he would sustain Gen. Marmaduke. I immediately ordered Gen. Shelby to take his old brigade, then on my immediate right, and return to the rear as rapidly as possible to support Gens. Fagan and Marmaduke. I mounted my horse and rode back at a gallop, and after passing the rear of the train, I met the divisions of Gens. Fagan and Marmaduke retreating in utter and indescribable confusion, many of them having thrown away their arms. They were deaf to all entreaties or commands, and in vain were all efforts to rally them. From them I learned that Major General Marmaduke, Gen. Cabell and Col. Slemmons, commanding brigade, had been captured with 300 or 400 men and all their artillery—five pieces. Gen. Fagan and several of his officers, who then joined me, assisted me in trying to rally the armed men without success. I then ordered Gen. Shelby to hold the enemy (who were pressing their success hotly and fiercely) in check, if possible, at the crossing of the Osage, until the train could be placed in safety—which he succeeded in doing for several hours. I again formed the unarmed men, numbering several thousand, in lines of battle on the prairie beyond the river. Gen. Fagan in the meantime had succeeded in rallying a portion of his forces and assisted Gen. Shelby in again holding the enemy in check upon the prairie, and in front of the immense lines of unarmed men, until night when I withdrew. The train having reached the Marmiton, 10 miles, I then overtook it, having marched 28 miles. On the next morning, after destroying many wagons with broken down teams that could not be replaced, I moved at two o'clock, there being but little forage in the neighborhood of my camp. We marched over beautiful prairie roads 56 miles and encamped at Carthage, on Spring river, the nearest point where forage could be procured, as I was informed by Generals Fagan and Shelby, who earnestly desired me to reach Spring river, as no forage could be obtained short of it. The Federal prisoners I had with me became so much exhausted by fatigue that out of humanity I paroled them. For full report of this action see the several Reports of Generals Shelby and Clark, and other accompanying Reports.

On the next morning at 9 o'clock, after giving the men and animals time to rest and feed, I resumed the march and camped on Shoal creek, 22 miles. During the march, a number of desertions took place among the Arkansas troops and recruits. No enemy

having appeared, the morale of the troops had much improved.

On the 28th, I marched towards Newtonia, Gens. Fagan and Marmaduke's divisions, the latter now commanded by Gen. Clark, in the rear, and Gen. Shelby's in the advance. On approaching Newtonia, our advance was discovered by the Federal garrison, who commenced to retreat. On seeing this, Shelby's advance attempted to intercept them, the distance they had gained was too great for this to be effected. They succeeded, however, in killing the Federal Capt. Christian, a notorious "Bush-whacker," noted for his deeds of violence and blood.

After passing over the prairie 4 miles beyond Newtonia, Gen. Shelby encamped in a skirt of timber; the other divisions passed beyond and encamped in the positions they were to take in the march of the following day. Ere long our scouts brought information that the enemy was crossing the prairie in pursuit of us. Preparations were at once made to receive him, and at 3 p. m., Gen. Blunt, with 3,000 cavalry, made a furious onslaught on our lines. He was met by Shelby, supported by a portion of Fagan's command, a short but obstinate fight ensued, when Gen. Blunt was repulsed, and driven 3 miles, with heavy loss. This was the last we saw of the enemy.

For full particulars see Gen. Shelby's Report.

The army marched that day 26 miles. On the 29th we marched 26 miles and encamped on Sugar Creek, 5 miles south of Pineville, passing through that town. On the 30th and 31st we reached Maysville, near the Arkansas line, marching 43 miles. November 1st we reached Boonsboro', or Cane Hill as it is commonly termed, marching 17 miles. Then information was received by Gen. Fagan, from Col. Brooks that he had the town of Fayetteville, Arkansas, closely invested, having forced the garrison within their inner fortifications; and asking for men to enable him to take it, as this was a place of importance to the Federals, and its capture would be of great advantage to the cause. Upon Gen. Fagan's earnest solicitation, I ordered a detail of 500 men and 2 guns to be made to him for that purpose, which was furnished by General Shelby under command of Colonel Elliott, the guns from Collins' battery. The expedition started to Fayetteville, formed a junction with Col. Brooks, but before the place could be taken, the approach of Gen. Blunt, with a large cavalry force, caused the siege to be raised, and Col. Elliott rejoined his command. Our march from Illinois river to Cane Hill, was over a bad road, rough and hilly, rendered worse than usual by constant rain: in consequence, much of the stock became worn out and was abandoned on the route. On the 3rd, I remained in camp, the weather very bad, both snowing and raining during the day. I there received information that the Federals, at Little Rock, had been greatly reinforced by a portion of Gen. Canby's command. And as it was necessary

that I should here adopt the line of march I should pursue on my return to Arkansas, to District Headquarters or elsewhere, as I should be directed, I determined not to risk the crossing of the Arkansas river between Fort Smith and Little Rock, on which route I could not procure subsistence, forage or grass, in anything like sufficient quantity; but decided to cross through the Indian country, where beef at least could be obtained, which would subsist my men for the few days it would require them to march, until they would meet supplies, even if no salt or breadstuffs could be procured, whilst some grass could be obtained for the animals. In addition, the route across the Arkansas river below Fort Smith, would be over a hilly and mountainous country that the stock in its present condition would be unable to travel over, whilst through the Indian country it would be over level plains traversed by good roads. Again, by taking the route below Fort Smith, I would expose my army to be destroyed by a joint attack from forces detached from the heavy garrison there, acting with large forces from Little Rock, which could be easily spared, and which would, in all probability, take place, as information of my adopting that route would certainly reach them, and the slowness with which I was compelled to move would give them ample time to make all preparations. I furthermore came to this conclusion, from the fact that it coincided with my instructions, in the propriety of which, my own judgment fully concurred. Colonels Freeman, Dobbins and McCroy were ordered to return with such of their men as still remained, with their colors, to the places where they had raised their commands to collect the absentees and bring them within our lines during December, if possible.—And on the 4th of November, I marched with the balance of my command through the Indian territory in the direction of Boggy Depot. On the 13th, I reached Perryville, a distance of 119 miles, when I met three wagons with supplies, and encamped, remaining one day to rest and recruit my men. I had marched carefully and slowly, stopping to graze my stock whenever an opportunity offered. On the 14th, Gen. Shelby, at his request, was left behind on the Canadian to recruit. On the 20th, Cabell's and Slemmons' brigades were furloughed. On the 21st of November, I arrived at Clarksville, where I received an order from Gen. Magruder to march to Lanesport and there establish my Headquarters. I arrived there on the 2nd of December, having marched 1,434 miles. The march through the Indian country was necessarily a severe one, especially upon the stock, many of which died, or became worn out and were left. The men, in some instances, hungered for food, but never approached starvation; nor did they suffer to the extent that other of our soldiers have cheerfully endured, without complaint, for a much longer time, during the war. At all events, I arrived in the country where food and forage could be obtained in abun-

dance, bringing with me all the sick and wounded, and all my command with which I entered the Indian country, except those who voluntarily straggled and deserted their colors. To enumerate, specially, the names of the officers who distinguished themselves for skill and courage, would swell this Report beyond all reasonable limits. Therefore, as to all but General Officers, and those who acted in that capacity, I must simply refer to the accompanying Reports, heartily concurring in the meed of praise awarded to such officers as are thus enumerated by their immediate commanding officers.

Gen. Fagan, commanding the division of Arkansas troops, bore himself throughout the whole expedition, with unabated gallantry and ardor, and commanded his division with great ability.

General J. S. Marmaduke, commanding the division of Mississippi troops, proved himself worthy of his past reputation as a valiant and skillful officer, and rendered with his division great service. His capture was a great loss to the service.

General J. O. Shelby, commanding the division of Missouri troops, added new lustre to his past fame as a brilliant and heroic soldier, and without disparagement to the other officers, I must be permitted to say that I consider him the best cavalry officer I ever saw. The services rendered by him, and his division, in this expedition are beyond all praise.

General Cabell bore himself as a bold, undaunted, skillful, officer. Impetuous yet wary, he commanded his brigade in such a manner as to win praise from all. I regret that from want of Reports from their several commanding officers, I cannot do justice to this, as well as the other brigades of Arkansas troops. Gen. Cabell's capture was a great misfortune, and his place will be difficult to fill.

General Clark, true to his past fame, bore himself with undaunted courage and bravery, as well as skill and prudence. His brigade was most skillfully handled.

Colonels Slemmons, Dobbins, and McCroy (the first of whom was captured,) acted throughout as brave, daring, yet prudent commanders, and are each entitled to great praise.

Colonel Jackman, through the whole expedition, won for himself great honor for the services he rendered as have been herein enumerated, and for which the whole army awarded him the highest praise.

Colonel Freeman proved himself to be a brave and energetic officer, but as his men were mostly unarmed, they were unable to render the same brilliant services as other brigades that were armed.

Colonel Tyler, who was placed in command of a brigade of new recruits, for the most part unarmed, deserves great praise for the success with which he kept them together and brought them within our lines. He deserves especial mention for the cool gallantry he displayed in charging the enemy with them at an important juncture, thereby greatly

aiding in saving the train from destruction.

My thanks are due to my staff officers, for their untiring energy and unremitting attention to their duties during the entire campaign; their zeal and devotion cannot be too highly commended by me.

In conclusion, permit me to say that in my opinion, the results flowing from my operations, in Missouri, are of the most gratifying character. I marched 1,434 miles, fought 43 battles and skirmishes, captured and paroled over 3,000 officers and men; captured 18 pieces of artillery, 3,000 stand of small arms, 16 stand of colors, (brought out by me, besides others destroyed by our troops who took them,) at least 3,000 over-coats, large quantities of blankets, shoes, and clothing, many wagons and teams, numbers of horses, and great quantities of subsistence and ordnance stores. I destroyed miles upon miles of railroad, burning depots and bridges. Taking this into the calculation, I do not think I go beyond the truth in saying that I destroyed, in the late expedition to Missouri, $10,000,000 worth of property. On the other hand, I lost 10 pieces of artillery, 2 stand of colors, 1,000 stand of small arms, whilst I don't think I lost over 1,000 prisoners, including the wounded left in their hands, other than recruits on their way to join me, some of whom may have been captured. I brought out with me over 5,000 recruits, and they are still arriving daily. After I passed the German settlements, in Missouri, my march was an ovation; the people thronged around and welcomed us with open hearts and hands. Recruits flocked to our flag in such numbers as to threaten to become a burden instead of a benefit, being mostly unarmed. In some counties, the question was not who should go to the army, but who should stay at home. I am satisfied that, could I have remained in Missouri this winter, the army would have increased 50,000 men.

My thanks are due Lieut. Col. Bull, my Provost Marshal General, for the able, energetic, and efficient discharge of his duties.

I have the honor to remain,

Your obd't servant,

[Signed.] STERLING PRICE,

Maj. Gen. Com'd'g.

Brig. Gen. W. R. BOGGS,
Chief of Staff.

Shreveport, La.

JULIA JACKSON.

[*Portrait in November number of "The Land We Love."*]

A child's face. Softly shadowed, sweetly serious—
And lovely with the shade of Thought which lies
On chiseled lip, on arching brow imperious,
And in the deeps of glory-haunted eyes.
'Tis like a vesper-chant, serene and holy—
Some reverential and harmonious hymn—
An avé floating solemnly and slowly
Through forest cloisters in the twilight dim.

'Tis not the face of fairy, or of angel—
Better—'tis human—its expression tells
A noble sire here left a bright evangel
By which to read Life's hidden oracles.
As though through that young spirit, pure and tender,
He poured clear teachings, otherwise untold,
And childish brow and eyes retain the splendor
Of thought and feeling in their noblest mould.

That blank, white page about thee! Lo! 'tis peopled
With glorious images, and scenes of dread—
New "Cities of the Silent" strangely steepled
With marbles rising o'er the hero Dead.
And round thy small feet lie the thousand furrows
Where Southern soil is ploughed with Southern graves,
While o'er them—pilgrims of eternal sorrows—
Bend pallid mourners, weeping fallen braves.

In dim perspective stretch the War's red surges,—
Armies in glittering, long, embattled lines,—
And the quick ear is filled with swelling dirges
Wailing through old Virginia's sounding pines.
Before the battle-blast the banners quiver,
And battle-thunders crash along the sky,
While, like the rush of some imperial river
The "STONEWALL" legions sweep to victory!

Forms of the mighty, who with names historic
Passed bravely forward in procession grand,
Mightiest among them, stately, stern, and Doric,
Thy father,—passing to the Silent Land.
Lone legacy of one who stands immortal,
Crowned in the temples of Eternity—
When that great spirit entered glory's portal,
Thou wert an orphan;—ah! and *so were we!*

Thank God!—(Alas! that we should praise the Giver
For bitter, bitter blessings, such as these!)
Thank God! *in victory* he passed the river,
And sought the shadow of eternal trees!
Passed—ere the dire DISASTER, fierce and torrid,
Rained on us blight from burning, brazen skies,
To brand the cross on Manhood's haughty forehead,
And quench the flash in Woman's haughtier eyes.

Passed—ere he saw Virginia 'neath the lashes
Of Tyranny, sit stolid—yet disdain
To own she hides, with robes of dust and ashes,
The slow, sad wasting of a mortal pain.
Passed—ere all freedom in the dust lay leveled—
Or ere he saw in ruins—tempest-tost,
A nation's liberties lie scorched and shriveled—
The "Cause" for which he battled, labelled "*Lost.*"

WE wander in the darkness. Half-astounded,
Stunned with a mighty sorrow:—we can know
Nought of God's purpose for us—cloud-surrounded,
We only grope in blinding mists of woe.
But *he* beholds God's purpose, clearly shining
Beyond our clouds, instinct with mercy's dyes,
As when the Day-king gloriously declining
Leaves golden love-gifts on the sunset skies!

Forest Home, May, 1868. L. V. F.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY T. C. DE LEON.

Now that the Caterers for our mental diet, both in Europe and America, devote themselves almost exclusively to the preparation of over-spiced messes of Sensation—little time is allowed for the solid middle-course of reason; and the majority of book bolters are reduced to a morbid state of mental dyspepsia that loathes all healthful food and retains the froth alone.

Few of these are cognizant what pleasant bits of fancy cling round the most rugged rocks of fact; that flowers, bright-hued and delicate, cluster thick along the dusty high-road of traffic. Few of these care to discover that, as "Truth is stranger than fiction," so all great enterprises undertaken for the good of mankind possess an intrinsic poetry—a richly colored Romance of Reality.

Both from its location amid the time-encrusted remnants of oriental poesy—the very scenes of those wonderful prose-poems that delighted our childhood in the Thousand-and-One-Nights —and from its own power of producing such, there is a peculiarly romantic atmosphere hanging over the Suez Canal.

The overland route to India has ever been food for almost unlimited imaginings. Leaving the steamers of the P. & O. Company, at Alexandria, the tourist would mount a donkey that, for size, appearance and obstinacy, might have been a lineal descendant of Ali-Baba's friendly beast; followed by a donkey-boy who might have just stepped from the page of the Fairy Tale, he threads the narrow streets crowded with water-carriers, foreign merchants, the running *sices*—dotted by bazaars with sleepy looking Turks smoking the unfailing Latakia, and bordered by dingy houses, in any one of which Scheherazade might have been born.

There is an all-pervading atmosphere of the unchangeable past that it seems profanation to dilute with the thriftful air of to-day. There are by-ways of the long-ago that we feel should never be trodden by the hot hoof of Progress.

Leaving the old town for a still older seeming one, the traveler is soon whirling across the sands on the Cairo railway. Where lately only the desert-born steed flashed by and only his neigh echoed, now the iron horse thunders along —blowing his sooty breath into the eyes of Memnon, and sending his fierce snort into the caves of the immemorial past.

From Cairo the transit across the Short Desert to the Red Sea was formerly made on camels; the high hats, the prim coats—strangely uncouth among the flowing draperies of the Orient—with the inevitable cigars and brandy-flasks of Cocaigne, doubt-

less appearing to the caravan attendants a strange and often repeated nightmare, from which they must sometime awake.

Can we imagine the feelings of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid, had he wandered so far as Cairo in one of his lonely night walks and seen the Alexandria train rattling into the depot!—What would have been the dismay of Sinbad, the Sailor, had he beheld a prim English spinster—in all the glory of a Balmoral, Sandwich-box, Aquæ-scutum cloak and Pork-pie hat—dismounting from her camel and stepping upon the puffing, snorting seamonster that now revolves its paddle-fins in the waters of the Red Sea!

Later, the demands of increased travel and transportation caused lines of huge Vans from Cairo across the Short Desert; and these drawn by six splendid horses, made the transit in some thirty hours.

Strange changes were these, wrought by enterprise and perseverance over the time-honored traditions of a whole race; but stranger still are the triumphs Science wedded to Capital will yet achieve over the very course of Nature herself. She will weigh and calculate—ponder with knotted brow, and cypher with rapid pen—and lo! the waters of one sea shall be taken in the hand of man, carried across the sands of the desert and poured into the basin of another.

And with these waters will be borne the huge ships that float upon their bosom—bearing distant nationalities together, and causing Time himself to stand still in the lessened duration of the transit.

Such is the great mission of the Suez Canal, conceived in the brain of one great thinker, and soon to be born in the full maturity of its usefulness.

About the year 1846–7 there was attached to the French Consulate, at Alexandria, as *Eleve-Consul*—a sort of *attaché*, the next in the line of promotion, a young Frenchman of excellent family, fine person and high cultivation.

This was Ferdinand de Lesseps, the father and leading spirit of the Suez Canal Company.

The Vice Royalty of Egypt was then held by Abbas Pacha, the most crafty, bigoted and cruel of the descendants of Mehemet-Ali, whose grandson he was. The throne of Egypt descended to the eldest male of Mehemet's line; therefore, the successor of Abbas, on the event of his death, would be, not his son, but his uncle, Saïd-Pacha, one of the younger of the sons of Mehemet.

This young Prince, then in Alexandria, was as remarkable for his progressive ideas and energy as he was for his high culture and European tastes.

It is customary for many of the Eastern Princes to have their education perfected by the most accomplished tutors of the European Continent; and it is not unusual for these men, domesticated in Turkey, or Egypt, possessed of influence over their Sovereigns and wedded to the combined luxury, laziness and power of Oriental life, to become citizens of the countries where they reside so

long. The dignity of *Bey* may be conferred upon them; and more than one fez covers to-day the uncropped head of the European. By changing their religion and embracing the Code of Mahomet, they may even be elevated to the dignity of the *Pachalic*.

The tutor of the young Saïd was a Frenchman, of great accomplishments, named Köenig-Bey; and he had imbued the mind of his pupil with an admiration for the culture of Europe and a love for her accomplishments that had remained with him until the time of which we write, and in fact until his death.

No wonder that the fascinating address and polished cultivation of the young *Elève-Consul* first attracted the Pacha, and finally retained him, to such very great advantage. The friendship of the Son of Ali was genuine, and he proved it by his works in after years; but the influence of the Frenchman was equally great and was also proven as well.

In '48 the merit of M. de Lesseps was recognized by his government by his appointment as Minister to Rome; but he belonged to the progressive liberal party of France, and gradually came to be looked upon with some suspicion by his paternal Foreign Office. In the political agitations, convulsing the whole of Europe, M. de Lesseps sympathized strongly with the Roman Revolution. He protested against the occupation of the Holy City by the French troops; and, upon the protest being disregarded, resigned his Commission in disgust and left the diplomatic service.

Restless, of active intellect and quick of conception, he returned to Egypt just after the Accession of Saïd to the Vice Royalty of Egypt in '54. Abbas-Pacha had verified the proverb of curses coming to roost, and had violently ended a life of violence at the hands of two agents of his equally black-hearted sister—Nezlé Hannam.

On his return, M. de Lesseps was at once admitted to his old footing with the New Pacha. He also became connected with Mougel-Bey, a French engineer of great distinction, long resident in Egypt, in charge of the *Barrages* of the Nile.

These are the great National works of Egypt, consisting of an immense dam, (or back-water) and bridge near Cairo, to keep back the flow of the current to a certain depth for purposes of irrigation. Commenced under Mehemet-Ali, continued under Abbas-Pacha and Saïd-Pacha,—and having cost already, over three million pounds—they are still unfinished under Ismaïl.

Mougel-Bey, both from his ability and long experience, was thoroughly conversant with the nature and characteristics of the country.

M. de Lesseps conceived—and after consultation and discussion with the French engineer—put into shape the plan of that gigantic enterprise which his unexampled skill, energy and audacity have pushed so near to completion.

This was none other than to connect the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Red Sea, by means of a ship canal, capable

of allowing passage to the largest ships. This duct was to be cut directly across the Isthmus of Suez, at its narrowest part, a length of some 92 English miles; and—so said its sanguine progenitor—its completion was to revolutionize the whole trade of the world, diverting to it the whole traffic now passing around the Cape, and lessening the water passage to India to less than one-fourth its present duration.

If any one will take the map and trace upon it the line of the present overland route, they will see that the Peninsula and Oriental Co's. steamers leave Marseilles and connect at Alexandria with the Suez railway. This great work is almost entirely the result of English energy and engineering; and in its completion, numerous fortunes have been made, and many constitutions ruined by the omnipresent subjects of Her Majesty. It passes to Cairo—crossing the Nile over a splendidly constructed bridge, some sixty-five miles above Alexandria—and thence to Suez.

Until the completion of the road the transit was made by the vans and caravans mentioned above.

From Suez the route by steamer is down the Red Sea to Aden—thence through the Arabian Sea to Bombay.

This route is the property of the Peninsula and Oriental Steam Navigation Co: and—while it is of almost incalculable money value to its owners—lessens the transit to India to twenty-four days instead of ninety to one hundred occupied by the steam route around the Cape. By the latter route sailing vessels take from four to six months.

It was urged that the completion of the Canal would not only shorten the time of the overland route some three days, but would be very much cheaper and more convenient, as it would save all trans-shipment and handling of cargoes.

Great as was the idea, it is but justice to M. de Lesseps to say that the skill, energy and audacity with which it has been engineered—both in a financial and in a scientific point of view—is in no degree below the conception.

Its infancy was wholly entrusted to the hands of the Ex-Diplomat who—skillfully using his personal access to the Pacha—sounded him on the subject. The Pacha said the project was a dream—there was no more substance in it than in the mirage of the desert—and he could not, at first, be induced to do any thing but laugh at it.

But M. de Lesseps was not the man to be discouraged by trifles. His indomitable energy saw in the Pacha's ridicule, only the seeds of stronger adhesion when that should be changed to faith. Gently, but steadily he persevered; and finally the Turk ceased laughing. But the profits to the Egyptian government of the railroad and transit to Suez, *via* Cairo, were annually immense—and he hesitated long before he would consider a project that would take annually millions of pounds from his coffers. But Saïd-Pacha was that rare thing for a Turk—an ambitious man;

and whatever may have been his belief as to where his body would go, he still desired to leave behind him a name that would live forever.

The temptation had never been offered to Monarch to build a more magnificent and lasting monument to inscribe his name on; and M. de Lesseps so worked upon the susceptibilities and the ambition of the Viceroy as to gain his favorable consideration.

The United States Consul General, Mr. DeLeon, and the Dutch Consul General, Mr. Renysennear, both encouraged the idea and urged upon the Pacha to give it his sanction.

The British Consul General at that time was Sir Frederick Bruce, who so lately died, while British Minister at Washington. He opposed the scheme with all the influence he could bring to bear upon Saïd, for two reasons.

First: English prestige in the East has always been a sore spot in their Foreign Office, and the Suez Canal would not only diminish this—by breaking up the control of the immensely valuable railway transit which she controlled, but it might also imperil her possessions in India by opening so direct, short and easy a route for the passage of transports and war-vessels.

Secondly: Immense sums were made by the army of Railway contractors and engineers under Mr. Stephenson, the celebrated English engineer, out of the Pacha's Railroads; and the sensibilities of his pocket are always more readily touched than any other in John Bull's organization.

Besides these reasons—or rather forming a part of both of them—the English government felt that the completion of the canal, should it prove a success, would tend to an immediate revival of the Mediterranean ports, such as Trieste and Marseilles; and this would injure British shipping interests, while it tended directly to the advantage of French and Continental.

With this combined pressure upon him, Sir Frederick Bruce worked with a will against the project. Mr. Stephenson also—after what should have been careful calculations—made an elaborate report in which he stated the whole affair to be a natural impossibility, *because the level of the Mediterranean was thirty feet below that of the Red Sea.* Subsequent experiments have proven beyond question that *the difference of level is less than thirty inches!*

Whether this error goes to prove that science is sometimes unreliable, or only that capital is mightier than science, none may tell; but, in any event, the Lion desired to put his paw upon the egg before the enterprise was hatched, which would probably be, in its maturity, such a very ugly and dangerous rival.

The French Consul-General, M. Sabatier,—whatever may have been the grounds for his course—was so lukewarm in his support as to injure, rather than aid the project. But this reticence cost him his position a little later—he being recalled through the influence of M. de Lesseps.

When Saïd-Pacha was first approached upon the subject of the grant, he was asked for no pecuniary aid. All that was asked was his permission to cut the canal, and the cession to it of certain lands lying upon it. Upon this foundation, M. de Lesseps was to form a great Inter-national stock company, do the work with foreign capital, and indirectly do a great good to Egypt by directly conferring a great boon upon the civilized world.

Influenced by his inordinate ambition even less than by the magnetic energy of M. de Lesseps, Saïd made the grant on these conditions; adding a clause that promised M. de Lesseps full power to *corver*—or press to compulsory labor on his work—his *Fellah* subjects. These *Fellahs* are the drudges of the land, an abased and oppressed native population about on a par with the *peons* of Mexico.

With this valuable basis, M. de Lesseps went to work more actively than ever for the second step, the formation of his International Stock Company.

In '55 he procured the thorough examination of the proposed route by a Commission of Engineers from the different countries of Europe. Their report was, that while difficult, there was nothing in the plan to prove an insurmountable obstacle; and further armed with this, the tireless projector called for subscriptions to the Stock.

At first they poured in rapidly, but the virulent opposition of the British press at home, and of Sir Frederick Bruce at Alexandria, frightened off the heavy British capitalists upon whom he had, in great part, depended.

A less determined man might have been staggered at this. Not so with M. de Lesseps. He merely shrugged his shoulders, said in effect—"You will not let me make it International—then I will make it National!", and went to work harder than ever.

As I have said, he had been looked upon by the Government with some suspicion for his republican leanings; but he is a cousin of the Empress Eugenie, and through her gained the ear of the Emperor. This done, the work was accomplished.

The press of France resounded with praises of the Canal; M. de Lesseps himself started a paper devoted to its interests and called *Le Journal de l' Isthmus de Suez*; French capital poured in—with some Dutch—and finally in 1859, the Company was formed with a capital of $40,000,000.

How much of this immense sum was actually paid up, or how much was allowed for in the bonus of stock, it is impossible to say; but it is certain there was full enough cash to break ground and push the work with vigor.

But for partial stoppages—which cannot be set forth at length in an article like this—the work would have been completed before this time. Even with them—and with the added National jealousies and delays they produced—it has been pushed with a rapidity unequalled in any great work of the kind.

The original dimensions of the canal were to be 92 miles in length, 330 feet in width, with a

depth of 26 feet below low water of the Mediterranean. This would allow the passage of the largest vessels—and would permit them ample room to pass each other. Sailing vessels could be towed through by tugs.

The canal was to cut the Isthmus of Suez at its narrow part, and to traverse the Short Desert. This, contrary to the generally conceived idea, is not loose shifting sand—like that of the Great Desert—but is a gritty, gravelly soil that yields a sharp edge to the spade, and retains excavation made in its surface. The general elevation of the Isthmus above the level of the two seas does not average more than six feet—with a general tendency downwards to the Mediterranean; and the only elevations—and those of inconsiderable extent—are not over thirty feet in height.

It is an old idea that the two seas were once united, and that the Isthmus was thrown up by some convulsion of nature; a theory which has some support from the general formation and composition of the soil, and its variation from that of the other desert. It has the remains of very ancient canals and aqueducts still clearly traceable; and one of these—said to have been built by Necho or Darius—forms a portion of the line of the present canal. From this it would seem that the idea of connecting the seas—or, at least, of facilitating connection between them—is not entirely new; and it is said that the First Napoleon had meditated, at one time, the inception of such a work.

The canal enters the Isthmus at the Gulf of Pelusium, on the Mediterranean side, and extends directly across to Suez—on the gulf of the same name—on the Red Sea end.

This gulf forms the North Western arm of the Red Sea, and runs up—with an average breadth of some 35 miles—between Egypt and the Peninsula of Sinai for some two hundred miles. At its head stands the town, some 78 miles due East from Cairo. It is situated in the desert, and its supplies of good water and vegetables have to be brought from a distance.

It is noticeable here, too, from the formation of the shore, that indications of deeper water once having come nearer inland are frequent. The water now is so shallow that only the lightest craft can be brought to land; and though the roadstead, some two miles below, is good, all unlading and lading has to be done in lighters.

Suez, before the inception of the great enterprise, had probably two thousand inhabitants. It was partially walled, and mounted a few guns for defence. Now, it has increased its population to nearly double, and the air of antiquity has, to a slight extent, been rubbed off, by friction against the rougher characteristics of the newer world outside.

Since work on the canal has been vigorously carried on, the whole face of the Isthmus has changed—and a population new and strange has sprung up, bringing with it towns, habits and enterprise of another state of being to that obtaining before.

The limits of one article will not contain more than a mention of the singular effect of a little Europe, transported bodily, and set down in Africa; nor will they allow an allusion even to the means and machinery by which the great results already obtained, have been wrought out of the sterile sands of the Desert.

Such was the inception of the Suez canal: such was the man who made it—a lasting monument to energy, skill and perseverance: and such are the main features of the country through which it passes.

Even unfinished as it is, M. de Lesseps may point to it with reverence and pride and truly exclaim—"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

In his delirium, I often heard her name. He called upon her wildly, beseechingly. "Adéle! oh! Adéle! how I loved you! She was very beautiful," he would murmur, "the loveliest of earth's creatures. To see her in a ball-room—here she comes—she comes. I would go to her, but,"—a dark shade would come over his face—"she looks so coldly and haughtily upon me. She does not love me. She does not love me, and another claims her." The shade would grow very dark then, and he wildly clutched the bed-clothes in his hand. "I saw her,—saw the bride. Very lovely she was with the diamonds glistening on her forehead. Methinks they turned to adders, and stung her, for when she saw me they seemed to turn and writhe and burn in her dark hair. I heard them say 'the bride,' and I knew whose bride. She was to have been mine, but,"—here he opened his eyes and fixed them full on mine,—"though she liked me a little less than gold and diamonds, she liked me not so well, and so sold herself to what she loved, set Moloch up in her temple and fell down and worshipped him. And yet I gave my love to her.—My life was nothing.—How madly I loved her! yet she threw it away, my devoted love for the dross of the earth. And this after so many promises, so many declarations of mutual love. I believe in nothing—will never believe again. After her, whom can I trust?" he asked piteously, while I took his poor hand and bowed my tearful face over it, my heart wrung with sorrow for him.

Sometimes, in delirium, he would toss his arms about so wildly that I feared the wound would bleed afresh, but fortunately his great weakness from loss of blood, prevented his moving

* Continued from page 336.

to a more dangerous extent.

It seemed like a dream to me that my time had come at last,—that I who had looked up to him at such a distance, to such an inaccessible height, was now permitted to be so near him,—that he should at last be so dependent upon one on whom he had scarcely bestowed a thought. To moisten his parched lips, smooth the disordered hair, dress the wound, that sent such shudders through his enfeebled frame, with soft, tender touch, perform all the duties of nurse, wife, mother, all in one, was *her* privilege now whose love he had not noticed or desired, while she whom he would have chosen, who was ever present to him in the ravings of delirium, was far away in the midst of worldly pleasures which she was enjoying with another, who had the power of gratifying her selfish inclinations.

I wondered if he would ever notice me, welcome my appearance as a relief from the tedium of suffering, and regard me at least with gratitude.

That he should care for me save as a friend, I never dreamed, considering that his heart, like mine, having bestowed its affections upon but one object, could never love again. A scathing fire had passed over his heart and consumed it; he had none to give me. I was not humble now, for was he not dependent on me, under Providence, for life itself?—No, self was lost in him and for the time he was but as an infant in my hands.

His sufferings were very great; wild fever raged in his veins and his hollow eyes glowed as with fire. Kneeling by his bedside, I bathed his hot hands often with my tears, or raised his head upon my shoulder while I applied the cooling moisture to his lips, my old nervous diffidence forgotten for the time.

Had he been conscious and could have followed my movements about his sick room with those searching dark eyes of his, I could not have been so self-forgetful, and should still have been awed by his gaze.

Day after day passed thus,—my rest was obtained in a few snatches of sleep at his bedside; yet I did not feel wearied, for anxious excitement prevented my obtaining the rest that they urged upon me.

Mother came often to inquire for him and offer her assistance, but I rejected the latter and permitted no one to enter his room but the physician and the nurse.

When the ball was extracted—I pass that scene over, for I cannot dwell upon it—the wound commenced healing slowly, and gradually the fever left him, but in a state of such utter prostration, that it required all the natural vigor of his constitution to sustain the feeble spark of life that remained in his body.

When the fever was gone, consciousness began dimly to dawn upon his brain, the wild delirium and dangerous tossings ceased, and he lay as quiet and weak as an infant, unable to move a single member.

I shall never forget the strange sensation upon seeing him in his

right mind, that it was Alfred himself once more.

He had been asleep, after a gradual subsidence of the fever, and I sat by watching him and delighting in his regular breathing, till I grew drowsy myself from fatigue, and finding that I could no longer resist its influence, I retired to the next room and lay down. I could not sleep long, for I had lost the power of suspending action and thought for only a very short time, so rising from my couch for the first time since his illness, I arranged my dress. Then with a neat, clean wrapper and smoothly braided hair, I returned to his room, taking with me some early spring flowers that Rose had procured for me from the garden, arranged them in a vase by his bedside, and freshened up the apartment as I moved noiselessly about, dusting the various articles of furniture on which the dust had remained undisturbed for weeks.

When I had done, I seated myself in the easy chair by his bed, with my Bible in my hand, enjoying the delicious fragrance of the flowers which I had not noticed for so long a time before, while the psalm that I was reading refreshed me with even greater sweetness, as it expressed, beautifully, just what I wanted to say.

I was leaning thoughtfully over it, when a slight movement of the sleeper caused me to raise my eyes.

Alfred was awake,—his eyes were fixed full upon me, with a look too languid for wonder, yet with an expression nearer to that than any other.

Those hollow, vacant eyes,—vacant because too weak for thought—they shocked me like an electric thrill when I looked up and met their almost meaningless gaze; as when one sees a corpse unexpectedly open its eyes from the trance that had been confidently deemed to be death.

Rising from my seat, I took a powder that was to be given when he awoke, and tendered it to him to see if he would notice it. He made no attempt to extend his hand to take it, but still kept that look fixed upon my face. To my great relief, Melissa entered at that moment, and seeing the proffered glass, went up to him with officious remonstrance.

"How now, young marster, won't you take your medicine from the kind mistress that's did everything for you?"

Upon that, he languidly turned his hollow eyes around and attempted to take the glass from me, but his arm immediately fell down, and he sank back with closed eyes.

"Let me help you," I said softly, and passing my arm under his head, I raised it with one hand while I applied the draught to his lips with the other.

Without further hesitancy, he drank the mixture and then I laid his head gently on the pillow, smoothed and cooled by Melissa again. He sank back and closed his eyes, apparently, as if exhausted, but when I looked up, some moments afterwards, that gaze was again fixed upon my

face as if he had made it a subject for languid study.

It made the shy blood mount there again and creep nervously in my veins, so I busied myself in a corner of the apartment where he could not see me, till I grew more reassured and did'nt mind it quite so much.

He lay so quiet, more as if dead than alive, while life struggled back in his frame, the spark of vitality feebly warming it again and bringing him back from the chaos and annihilation he had endured during the past year. Would hope ever thrill his heart's pulsation again, restore the buoyancy of his step and make life an object with happiness and usefulness?

I hoped and prayed so, kneeling where he did not see me, and beseeching in tears that he might repent and become a better man, that he might not be restored from the dead—oh! fearful thought!—only to commit the same violent deed again, to lay guilty hands on the life that God's infinite mercy had restored to him. It could not be, I thought. Surely he had been raised up from his fearful peril, the pit of darkness and destruction into which he had almost plunged, for a nobler end, and the same hand that had saved him from such an eternity, could now rescue him from it hereafter.

I would often meet that look of his, when busied about his room, following my movements with the same languid interest, but he turned his eyes away upon perceiving that I was conscious of his gaze, as if aware that it was embarrassing to me. Yet I mastered my shyness so well as to treat him as my patient, and even to assume authority over him when he seemed too listless to take the proffered nourishment or allow the necessary medicines to be given him.

Nothing but an utter listlessness characterized the first stage of his convalescence. He did not speak for a day or two except in reply to some questions about his sensations at the time, and then only in monosyllables in a dry, hollow tone that I could hardly believe it to be his voice.

As he grew a little stronger something of his old gentle nature returned to him, and his unselfish consideration for others.—"Thank you," he said feebly one day as I bathed his forehead, then sank back with those wearily closed eyes. "You are very kind," he said another time when I performed some other little office about him as nurse.

I cherished these expressions with heartfelt joy and thankfulness; they formed a sufficient reward for all my care,—the knowledge that he felt grateful and kindly towards me for it, though ever so feebly.

I permitted nothing, as far as I could, to remind him of his sickness and its cause, keeping the bandages and applications out of sight, as well as everything like medicine, except such as I was obliged to have around me, while I pleased myself in exercising my taste and ingenuity by disposing flowers and delicate white drapery around his room till it looked less like a sick room than a lady's

bower. Dr. Green would come in and say sometimes—

"Surely, Mrs. Chauncey, you have time for everything."

"It is inclination, doctor," I would answer, "I love these things; flowers and sunshine are my delight."

"So it would seem. You have been the sunshine of this young man's life anyhow, and I'd like to see him up to reward you for your care, and take care of you, for I shouldn't wonder if you were down after this."

I treated his prophecy with indignation, feeling rather new life in me just then than a lack of it, for I had something to animate existence, and an object to live for at present.

So Alfred grew better, so slowly that the stages were almost imperceptible, but that wanness left his cheek and some expression came back to his eyes, while the furrows passed from his brow and a peaceful look, almost of boyish innocence, came over his features.

He was exceedingly handsome as he lay asleep, his fine, regularly cut features, and curling hair that tossed above his forehead as if carved in *bas-relief* from the pillow, than which they were scarcely less white, the cleanly cut forehead with the straight, delicately defined eye-brows, and the long lashes that lay upon his cheeks in a silken fringe; I loved to watch him as he slept in this quiet way, and rejoiced in the peace that had stolen over those exquisite features at last.

When the hollow look left his eyes, something of the light of gratitude stole into them for my care.

When I sat up late to give him his medicine at the appointed hour, he said thoughtfully,

"You must be very tired. Go and rest, I insist upon it."

I gently resisted and maintained my place.

"I am not worth this trouble," he said with a dreary sadness that sent the tears to my eyes, "why don't you leave me?"

"Do you think I'd leave you?" I asked with tearful reproach.

"Yes, they have all left me." He turned away and drew the covering up on his shoulders, as he closed his eyes with that heart-broken look that went so pitifully to my heart. Ah! that was the worst thing I had to contend with, that dreary loss of self-respect and sense of being forsaken by both God and man. How to arouse him from a sense of moral degradation, to give him a place once more among his fellow-creatures? Alas! my weak hand could do nothing, but I prayed and trusted in Him. Like a mother to a poor, sick, fretful child, my heart melted in tenderness and pity for him as I looked on the wreck of what he had once been. Would he ever arise from that bed to assume his manhood once more? I turned sickened from that other picture of unresisted passion swaying him as before, to result again in the same wicked, unlawful deed.

So I wept bitter tears as I watched that dreary, dreary look on his tired face, the tender heart whose love for him had crushed it so long, bleeding cruelly to see it there.

Rising from my seat, I took a glass of wine and a teaspoon in my hand and approached him that I might do something to arouse him from that state it pained me so to see.

"Mr. Chauncey," I touched his hand.

"Ah! what is it?" He started and turned his head.

"Take a little of this wine for me, won't you?"

"I am tired and sleepy," he said with a slight fretfulness.

I bent over him and smoothed back the hair from his forehead. "It will do you good if you are tired," I said.

He opened his eyes and looked me in the face, then held out his poor, thin hand for it, but it was too feeble, and fell down beside him on the bed.

"Will you let me give it to you?" I took the spoon and put some between his lips. He took it and seemed refreshed, then half smiled as he said:

"You are so kind. Yet why should I be grateful?"—then sighed so sadly as the sudden light faded from his face.

"That you are getting better—will soon be well again," I answered as cheerfully as I could, and arranging his pillows.

"Getting better?" he echoed, opening his eyes and looking at me again. "Why should you wish to save me? I was in the jaws of death, on the brink of eternity. Hell gaped open before me, a gulf of liquid fire leaped to receive me, when an angel's hand snatched me from destruction, and I awake to find my body still here, my soul vacant. I cannot think; evil has departed from me. A vacuum possesses my mind. I am surely dreaming. Was the angel real? Am I saved?"

"Saved by God's mercy," I answered softly. "See how He loves you. He has preserved you for himself, and intends you to be his always now."

"*I?* His? What does Perfection want with me, a guilty, fallen creature whom He forsook also."

"No, no, He did not," I said earnestly. "See what he did for you when you thought He had forsaken you entirely. How could He have been kinder than that?"

"I was deprived of all I loved," he went on as if recounting his wrongs to himself, "life was a blank, existence a misery. Why should I live when I had no object for so doing? how could I live when every breath I drew was an agony beyond endurance?"

"To live for? oh! so much! I will not say now, for you are too weak to think about it, but—do you know the Saviour?"

"The good know Him," he replied with a slight curl of the lip. "I presume you do. What has He to do with me?"

"Oh! Mr. Chauncey, His sufferings were greater than yours."

"And had a Godlike nature to sustain Him."

"Such support have we through him. When you fully know Him and love Him, you'll feel differently. I know you will. Life won't be a blank then, for with Him urging us on, giving us our tasks and appointing the reward which he holds in heavenly places

for our encouragement—oh! it will seem short for so much to do."

I spoke so earnestly and enthusiastically that he caught something of it, and the eyes were brighter that gazed me so searchingly in the face, while I was too much carried above self to flinch from that examination now.

"*You* feel so," he said, "it does *you* good. The fruits of your belief I see in your conduct."

I might have answered that it required no religious exertion to minister to *him*, but I said nothing to this, only,

"I *want* to be kind to you."

He smiled painfully. "Poor child, yours is a heartless, thankless task,—restoring a life that was thrown away, bestowing your pains and infinite care upon a poor creature, who has hardly feeling enough left in him to be grateful. But be sure, Mary, (how strangely my name sounded from his lips) that for you I feel the nearest approach to gratitude I am capable of, and that is more than I can say of any other creature."

He had called me "Mary," had expressed a warmer feeling for me than any other human being. I had my reward then, no longer worked for nothing.

He was sometimes a little peevish and fretful, as all sick persons will be, but when I appeared, he would instantly become patient and submit without a murmur to what he had declared before to be of no use.

Thus it came to pass, — so gradually, I know not how, it seemed quite natural,—I lost my shyness sufficiently to be almost myself with him, and he submitted to my nursing and authority quite patiently, would take the most nauseous draughts at my hands, and permit no one else to do what I could.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SERENADE.

Sleep, Dearest! sleep,
My heart will keep
Its vigil till yon star be low;
And though it set,
Love, faithful yet,
Will but the brighter, steadier glow.

Dream, Sweetest! dream,
And let it seem,

While tender fancies charm thy rest,
That he who waits
By thy closed gates,
Is ever fond, if never blest.

Wake, Darling! wake,
For true-love's sake
Show thy sweet face at lattice-bar,
The star has gone,
The vision flown,
But Love outwatches dream and star.

New Orleans, La. J. D. B.

MR. DICKENS AND HIS "DEBT OF HONOR."

It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that the recent departure of Mr. Dickens, for America, was signalized at New York, the port of his embarkation, by a banquet of quite peculiar interest, significance and *éclat*. Two hundred gentlemen of the press of the United States, claiming him as a *confrére* by reason of his service in early life as a reporter for the *London Morning Chronicle*, entertained him at dinner. The *cuisine* was Delmonico's, the wines were choice and of the proper temperature, the utmost good-feeling reigned at the board, and Horace Greeley presided: altogether, it was a grand success. Mr. Dickens was, indeed, an hour behind the time in consequence of an inopportune attack of the gout, so that the journalists grew hungry in the halls of reception, and, when the cloth had been removed, the eloquence was undoubtedly less of the epi—than of the Po—grammatic sort; but the long delay neither gave rise to mutiny nor spoiled the soup, and the speeches were received with the loudest demonstrations of applause. And then the two hundred editors went home and gave, each in his own way, two hundred accounts (be the same more or less) of the entertainment; wherein they duly set forth the names of all who sat down, the bill of fare, the orations and the decorations, the jokes of Mr. Greeley, and the music of the band, omitting, probably, nothing whatever that lent attractiveness to the occasion.

While we should have been reluctant, at the time, to say anything ungracious of hospitality so generous and so artistic, we could not help thinking that the banquet would seem to have been designed not altogether as a tribute

to the genius of Mr. Dickens, and that a suspicion of the kind must have occurred to him, long before the hour of his leaving the table, at moments when his toe was tranquil and his mind at ease. Mr. Greeley said with good reason that the opening line of the great epic of New York's great bard—Walt Whitman—"I celebrate myself," expressed the dominant purpose of the evening; and evidently Mr. Dickens was only cajoled into accepting the dinner that an opportunity might be presented for a glorification of the American press, which should be graced by his presence. It does not appear to have struck any one of the two hundred that Mr. Dickens was not indeed one of themselves, wholly identified with journalism, though it has been more than thirty years since he quitted journalism forever; and that the fame which they so complacently claimed for their own order belonged to the mere newspaper press, almost as little as John Bunyan's to the tinkers, or Shakspeare's to the scene-shifters. The long succession of toasts, therefore, in honor of the daily, weekly, monthly press, North, South, East and West, N.E., N.N.E., N.W., N.N.W., S.E., S.S.E., S.W., S.S.W., (it is noteworthy that the *English press* was wholly omitted from the list of compliment) must have inspired him with some little weariness with the calendar and the points of the compass, and with much wonder at the wide geographical diffusion of the editorial class in the United States. But this wonder could not have failed to give way to amusement, that might have tickled even podagra in its felt buskin, at the clever suggestion that the works of Charles Dickens were written for the exposition of New England ideas in general and Boston notions in particular; and when a frantic provincial orator declared that the works of Charles Dickens were valued by the American people next to the Bible itself, amusement in its turn must have yielded to disgust.

But the significance of the Dickens banquet lay not in the celebration of itself by the press of the United States, nor yet in the good feeling that undeniably prevailed at the festive board; but in the amends voluntarily made by the illustrious guest, as a farewell peace-offering for all the hard things he had said of America in his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mr. Dickens, indeed, retracted nothing contained in those two wretched fictions, but he gave hearty utterance to the favorable impressions made upon him by the America of to-day, and promised that every future edition of *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* should contain this tribute by way of appendix. The promise has been kept, and a late number of *All the Year Round* pays the "Debt of Honor" by publishing the Postscript hereafter to accompany the works in question.

We shall presently quote this Postcript for purposes of comment, but before doing so, we may be indulged in a word or two concerning the enthusiasm that was manifested at the New York din-

ner, and the kindly reception that was everywhere extended to Mr. Dickens on his second visit to the United States. The reconciliation of hearts that have been long estranged, is always a pleasing subject of contemplation to the well-regulated mind, and where much has been given up, on both sides, he must be a cynic or a churl who would disparage a consummation so desirable. But it may well be doubted whether much undue credit has not been given to the American people, for generosity and magnanimity, in the free pardon they extended to the most obnoxious of their satirists. The generation, which Mr. Dickens so mercilessly caricatured in those too unhappy books, has passed away. The lapse of twenty-eight years might well have healed the wound inflicted upon the pride of a more sensitive and a more stable people. In the older communities of the world, where society remains substantially the same from age to age, the memory of the wrong might possibly have rankled still in the breasts of the descendants of the immediate victims, just as Thackeray has never been forgiven for the *Irish Sketch Book*. But the Americans of 1868, at least in the Northern States, are another people from the Americans of 1840. Mr. Dickens on his second visit addressed a new audience, the majority of whom had little or nothing to forgive, and with whom forgiveness consequently required small exercise of magnanimity. Moreover, Mr. Dickens came ostensibly, not as a tourist to see what wonderful progress the United States had made in a quarter of a century, but as a showman with his little entertainment to make money. His Readings were a novelty, and a people who are fond of novelties went to hear them, as they go to see and hear every new thing. It was a fair bargain, and both parties were pleased. The public came with its two dollars, and the showman came with his Justice Stareleigh and his Sergeant Buzfuz, and his table and the rest of his characters and properties. Making due allowance for the disappointment felt and expressed in individual cases, the public considered that to spend an evening in this way with the great master of English fiction, was worth the money, and thus became a generous public, when, had Mr. Dickens not given his Readings at all, it would have remained an apathetic one. The pecuniary result was so satisfactory to the great master of English fiction, that it insensibly modified his views of the country at large, and changed from *jaune* to *rose* the medium through which he surveyed every thing that came under his observation. Thus it was natural that Mr. Dickens should have repaired to the dinner at Delmonico's in the best humor consistent with a sharp attack of the gout, and as the two hundred editors resorted thither in the best possible humor to celebrate themselves, the good feeling of the occasion, however gratifying to contemplate, was only what might have been reasonably expected. Where so many good things were provided, and so many pleasant things were

said, the most saturnine of journalists might have been mollified. If the no longer youthful Mr. Jefferson Brick and the now venerable Colonel Diver had faced Mr. Dickens (as who shall say they did not?) they might have condoned the crime of the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* against themselves in their favorite champagne. Indeed, we can almost fancy we hear Col. Diver speaking for himself and his War Correspondent, thus characterize the reigning *bonhommie*, "Behold in this, Sir, a Spectacle of Magnanimity worthy of the Leaders of Human Civilization." Such a manifestation of good feeling is indeed quite delightful, but we do not see in it anything of that real magnanimity which, like Charity, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

With regard to the *amende honorable* of Mr. Dickens, it is just a little curious that he himself should have overlooked the true nature of his offence, and that it should not have occurred to him that no correction, of the unfair picture of the American society given in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*, could possibly meet the case at all. The picture *was* unfair, because it withheld all the more favorable traits, while it exaggerated all the weaknesses and vices of the American people and character. That these weaknesses and vices did exist, though in less degree than was represented, most intelligent Americans are now prepared to admit. But the fullest retraction of the slanders in these books could not excuse Mr. Dickens for having written them; still less can praise of the Americans of the present day excuse him. The unpardonable sin of Mr. Dickens was that, true or false, these books were acts of gross ingratitude to a people who had lavished upon him a hospitality, without a precedent for its cordiality and its profusion. True or false, these books should never have been written by the man whom America, foolishly yet generously, had delighted to honor. The universal American home had been his home for the time, and it was a poor return, indeed, for the kindness of a whole people to cover them with inextinguishable ridicule.

It may have been true that the interesting members of the Norris family of New York bored Mr. Dickens, in the person of young Martin Chuzzlewit, with snobbish inquiries concerning individual personages of the British nobility, but it was wholly indefensible in Mr. Dickens, having been their guest, to tell of it in a manner to bring upon the miserable Norrises the derision of Great Britain. Herein lay Mr. Dickens' grievous fault. He does not seem to recognize it, and therefore he cannot see that no tribute he may now pay to the American people can atone for it. But we recognize none the less the manliness and magnanimity of his remarks at the New York Dinner, embodied in the Postscript just published in *All the Year Round*. They were made of his own free will, at a time, the very eve of his departure, when he had nothing to gain by them, when fine words would sell no additional tickets for his

Readings, and when America could do nothing more for him, except grant an International Copyright. We would not imply by this exception that Mr. Dickens had the matter of the Copyright in his mind in the promise he gave and has so faithfully kept. We believe his tribute to the American people of the present day to have been wholly unselfish and sincere, as it was frank and manly, and as it was also (in our judgment) of no real value whatever.

To establish this latter proposition, it will be necessary for us to quote Mr. Dickens' testimonial, and this we do from a recent number of *All The Year Round*. Here it is:

"A DEBT OF HONOR.—Desiring to record in this Journal, in the plainest and simplest manner possible, certain words publicly spoken by its Conductor on a recent occasion, we present the following extract from the latest-published copies of *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It is entitled,

"POSTSCRIPT.

"At a public dinner given to me on Saturday the 18th of April, 1868, in the city of New York, by two hundred representatives of the Press of the United States of America, I made the following observations among others:—

"'So much of my voice has lately been heard in the land, that I might have been contented with troubling you no further from my present standing-point, were it not a duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here but on every suitable occasion, whatsoever and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. Also, to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes I have seen around me on every side, — changes moral, changes physical, changes in amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the Press, without whose advancement no advancement can take place anywhere. Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five-and-twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first. And this brings me to a point on which I have, ever since I landed in the United States last November, observed a strict silence, though sometimes tempted to break it, but in reference to which I will, with your good leave, take you into my confidence now.

"'Even the Press, being human, may be occasionally mistaken or misinformed, and I rather think that I have in one or two rare instances observed its information to be not strictly accurate with reference to myself. Indeed, I have, now and again, been more surprised by printed news that I have read of myself, than by any printed news that I have ever read in my present state of existence. Thus, the vigor and perseverance with which I have for some months past been collecting materials for, and hammering away at, a new book on America, has much astonished me; seeing that all that time my declaration has been perfectly well known to my publishers on both sides of the Atlantic, that no consideration on earth would induce me to write one. But what I have intended, what I have re-

solved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you) is, on my return to England, in my own person, in my own Journal, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassed respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor.'

"I said these words with the greatest earnestness that I could lay upon them, and I repeat them in print with equal earnestness. So long as this book shall last, I hope that they will form a part of it, and will be fairly read as inseparable from my experiences and impressions of America.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MAY, 1868.

As a general proposition the weight of testimony, the impartiality of the witness being conceded, depends upon the opportunity the witness has had for accurate observation of the matters concerning which he testifies.—With regard to Mr. Dickens, neither upon his first nor his second visit to America, was he an impartial witness. In 1840, he came to secure an International Copyright and failed. In 1867–'68, he came to make money, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Both the failure and the success disqualified him as a fair, not to say as a dispassionate, critic of American society. But giving him the fullest credit for impartiality, he certainly had no means of forming an intelligent opinion of the social, moral, and intellectual condition of America, upon his recent visit. The extent of his journeyings was extremely circumscribed.—The state of his health and "the nature of his avocation here" enforced upon him, as he tells us himself, a privacy which he honors the American people for respecting. He had no glimpse of the domestic life of the country outside the little æsthetic circle of poets, publishers and philosophers of Boston. He did not give the New York Norrises of the period the chance of asking after their dear friends, the Marquess and Marchioness, or how the Gold Fish was getting on in the Grecian fountain of the well-remembered conservatory. He attended no public entertainments but his own. He did not go to church, for the reason, as was happily suggested by some wag of the daily newspapers, that he felt no interest in American politics. In short, he saw nothing but what could be seen out of the windows of railroad cars, inside fashionable hotels, and from the platforms of lecture halls. The testimony of such an observer, as to the social, moral and intellectual condition of a great country, is surely of no importance whatever.

But the value of Mr. Dickens' testimony to the wonderful improvement wrought in twenty-eight years upon the American continent, can best be judged by a comparison of certain aspects of the United States in 1840 and in 1868. Unquestionably, there has been a vast augmentation of material wealth since 1840. There are more miles of railroad now than then, and we have seen an immense increase in population, more than a reduplication of the national resources, and a considerable advance in the comforts and luxuries of life. Mr. Dickens could not therefore help observing, from the railroad car and the omnibus, "changes in the amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition." All this has been in conformity to the general law of physical progress in newly settled communities, the law of emigration from over-crowded nationalities to regions where land is plenty and labor well paid. The same development has been witnessed in a comparatively greater degree in the Australian colonies. We have been purged since 1840, it is true, by a national convulsion, of the damning sin of slavery, which, upon the occasion of his former visit, gave Mr. Dickens such constant disquietude. But in the effect of emancipation and enfranchisement upon the blacks themselves, and upon the general condition of the Southern States, Mr. Dickens felt so little interest, that he did not go into the military departments, to ascertain it. We do not censure Mr. Dickens for this indifference to the state of things in the fairest and alas! the most desolate portion of the country, because that region lay quite beyond the field of his operations. He was well aware that the only class in the South who could enjoy his Readings, had no money to spend in such literary entertainments. "No pay, no preach;" *point d'argent, point de Suisse* is necessarily the motto of all public performers. Leaving the South entirely out of view, however, as a vast district in which, from the very nature of things, we could not look at this moment for progress in its unreconstructed political condition, we turn to the "changes moral" of which Mr. Dickens speaks, "changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the Press," and would soberly ask if these changes have not been changes rather of deterioration than of improvement.—Where, indeed, has Mr. Dickens found improvement? Is it in the tone and personal character of the national legislature? Let us take Massachusetts as the State of largest development, as the model of American commonwealths, if, indeed, we may not mourn that "the name of commonwealth is past and gone" in the new order of things. In 1840, Daniel Webster sat in the seat now occupied by Charles Sumner in the Senate, and John Quincy Adams was the venerated head of the delegation in the House of Representatives—a position now assigned, by general consent, to Benjamin F. Butler. Is this a change for the better?—Has the improvement been dis-

covered in society? What mean the numberless peculations, robberies, defalcations, homicides, conjugal infidelities, nameless bestialities committed by people of the highest social position during these past twenty-eight years, and constantly increasing in frequency out of all proportion to the increase in population, and immeasurably beyond Mr. Buckle's law of average? Crimes by bank presidents, doctors of divinity, members of Congress, peccadilloes of clergymen's wives, scandals of Senators' wives, sins of the saints and prostration of the "polished corners of the temple?" What mean the whisky frauds, the extent of whose guilty gains no man may compute—frauds which colossal conspiracies have been formed to promote and to defend, as if the product of the illicit distillation were an elixir to bless instead of a poison to desolate the land? What means this gigantic swindle of a Gettysburg Asylum Lottery, endorsed by the journal of the largest circulation in America, commended officially by the Postmaster General and the Chief Commissioner of the Internal Revenue, and allowed to close its doors upon the thousands of its victims without even so much as an inquiry into its getting money under false pretense? What means the vile "Personal column" of the *New York Herald*, with its shameless assignations carried on openly through the branch Post Offices of our largest city? And what significance are we to attach to the crowds that for two years have attended the performances of the *Black Crook* and the *White Fawn*, abominations which, in 1840, would have been put down by the police? Do these things indicate an improvement in the moral tone of society? Or shall we say that the applause with which the *Cancan* itself has been nightly received by the fashionable audiences of the French Theatre of New York, indicates a healthful "change in the graces and amenities of life?" Perhaps Mr. Dickens only meant by this pretty phrase that the manners of such of the Americans as he had met on his second visit were less boorish, and the vice of the republic had lost all its evil in losing half its grossness. Tobacco spitting has diminished, perhaps, though the stained marble stairway of the national Capitol would not warrant the belief.—People, especially in Boston, do not put the dinner knives in their mouths as in 1840, and the general use in Massachusetts of the silver fork for carrying food to its proper receptacle may have been one of the happy results of General Butler's New Orleans Proconsulate. We do not know.—But it surely cannot be that in the "changes moral" Mr. Dickens refers to a supposed improvement in the religious aspect of the country. All Christian men bitterly deplore the schisms of the church, and the world laughs in scorn at the bickerings of religious sects, and asks, in the words of the heathen poet, how it is that such resentments can inflame celestial minds. The growing spirit of irreligion is shown in nothing more strikingly than in the general disregard of the

Sabbath day. In the city of New York, three journals of wide circulation and influence are issued continuously all round the year, while the Sunday papers proper are notoriously among the worst emanations of the press. It may even admit of a doubt whether the very services of the sanctuary have not shared the universal demoralization in political preaching sustained by a people, who, having driven Shakspeare from the stage, evince a strong desire to banish the Bible from the pulpit. Let us look at the press. "Changes in the Press," says Mr. Dickens, "without whose advancement no advancement can take place any where." Assuredly no one can deny that there has been great advancement in the activities of the press since 1840, nor can we say that this has been wholly mechanical. Many well-known journals at various points publish daily an amount and variety of matter, which would have staggered the most energetic editor of a quarter a century ago. The printing presses of that time would not have thrown it off, nor would the circulation of the most prosperous paper have justified the expense. To this extent, indeed, the progress has again been in the line of physical development. But the universal extension of the magnetic telegraph under seas and across continents, bringing us into instantaneous communication with the ends of the earth, has necessitated the employment of a larger amount of talent in the editorial staff of the leading journals, and the demand for sharp, rapid, pungent paragraphs upon the topics of the hour has produced a class of writers which did not exist in 1840. Never before has it been so important for the press to "catch as she flies the Cynthia of the minute."—What happened the day before yesterday has already passed into the domain of ancient history. It might be questioned whether the enterprise and cleverness which comments at a run upon the most momentous as upon the most trivial matters of daily occurrence, turning out with equal facility a leader upon the smash of a railroad train and the fall of an empire, has not been purchased at the expense of all calm and thoughtful discussion. But we will let this pass. We will admit that the press of 1868 displays more energy and, if you please, more ability than the press of 1840. But does it also display a stricter observance of the truth, a loftier independence, a greater regard for the "graces and amenities of life?" Is it not notorious, without reference to individual cases, that the advocacy of the press may be purchased for any purpose, no matter how demoralizing or flagitious? All right-thinking men concede (what, indeed, there is no attempt, even in thinnest drapery or in modest periphrasis to conceal) the impudicity of the ballets and the dialogue of the *White Fawn* and the *Belle Helene*; yet if a dramatic critic but dare to hint at the immoral nature of these entertainments, he is immediately assailed as a "prurient prude," and cited as one of those nice

people of whom Dr. Johnson spoke as having very nasty ideas. Does this not hint at money judiciously employed, if only in profuse and liberal advertising, to get the press on the side of the managers? It is not necessary to our purpose, in this contrast, to make more than a passing allusion to those beastly hebdomadals, the legitimate offspring of the immodest drama, which under the names of *The Last Sensation*, *The Town*, etc., etc., have been sold by the hundred thousand throughout the land, for fairness demands that we should deal with the best and purest, rather than the lowest and vilest, of the American press, and with daily, rather than weekly publications. Reference has already been made, incidentally, to facts connected with the daily press as indicative of social demoralization and the growing spirit of irreligion; to the "Personal Column" and to the issue as well on Sunday as on the other days of the week, of three journals of established reputation. But coming more directly to the independence of the press, how many papers of the country are there not in the pay of the Whisky Rings, how many have not been bought by a share in the proceeds, to uphold swindling Lottery schemes advertised in the sacred name of patriotism, how many "money articles" are not prepared in the interests of the "bulls" and "bears" of the Stock Exchange? As for "the graces and amenities of life," it will suffice to cite one line, and that the running head of an editorial article in a leading journal, to show how the Press of 1868 has improved in its consideration for decency and urbanity. It comes from a journal which sets itself up as a model of good manners. It appeared singularly enough the very week of the banquet, and was written singularly enough by the eminent journalist who presided at the banquet, and sat on Mr. Dickens' left hand—Hon. Horace Greeley. It runs simply, "HORATIO SEYMOUR AS A LIAR." We submit that this is enough to prove that the "change in the press" has not been beneficial since the days of Buckingham and Halleck, and Joseph Gales.

Does any one suspect that this gloomy view of the social, moral and intellectual condition of the Northern States has been inspired by the petty feeling of sectional prejudice? We would ask him to read the following paragraph from, perhaps, the ablest and most independent of the weekly journals of New York City:

"Hitherto we have been, substantially speaking, a happy, even-minded people, of whom a very large proportion have been firm believers in the doctrines of Christianity, contented with simple pleasures, addicted to domestic life, and having little taste for violent "sensations" of any kind. The changes that have come over us are great and significant. The bitter sorrows and anxieties of a long civil war, followed, in the North at least, by an epoch of violent speculative excitement, attended by extravagance of living and a widely-spread passion for sensual pleasure, have made our country any thing but the coun-

try of ten years ago. Life now, to be tolerable, must be spiced with condiments of the keenest and most titillating sort. Each fresh gratification quickly palls, and new devices must constantly be brought forward to stimulate the jaded sense. The theatre is radiant with voluptuous images, and thousands swarm nightly to gloat on the female charms their clouds of gauze scarcely affect to conceal. Gross pictures are hawked about the streets, and obscene books are offered to boys and greybeards alike in the exchange and market place. The newspapers strain every nerve to outstrip each other in the astonishing, the preposterous, and the extravagant; and those from whose occasional exhibitions of care, thought, and scholarship we have learned to hope better things seem of late to have abandoned themselves to the worst spirit of the hour and to have plunged bodily into the coarse vortex of sensation. Even the pulpit yields to the vulgar tendencies that mar nearly all less sacred things, and the most influential and successful preachers are men who in a purer and more cultivated age would be simply laughed down as greedy and sensual charlatans. The artificial and highly colored, in contradistinction to the true and the natural, are producing in every direction their legitimate effect. We see on every hand false views of life usually ending in bitter disappointment, minds and bodies prematurely broken and withered, a horrible lust of money as the sole genuine good of life, a prevalent infidelity—spreading everywhere in sympathy with parallel conditions to those of France at the time of her revolution—and, in a word, every promise of social decay and ruin unless the baleful progress of things is arrested by powerful reformatory agencies, signs of which are unhappily not yet apparent."

So speaks the *Round Table* of New York, a paper from which it is surely not disloyal to quote.—The picture is, indeed, darker than we should have dared to draw, but its fidelity, alas! cannot be gainsaid. We have no satisfaction in dwelling upon it. Far pleasanter were it to believe, if such belief were possible, that the Northern States, to whose hopes and destinies we are bound by ties which it was vainly attempted to sunder, were steadily moving onward to a higher development of the race than has yet been known; to dream of a happy and not distant fulfillment for them and for us of that noble ambition which the poet imputes to King Arthur in founding the Round Table of old romance—

> "To serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time."

But flatteries like those of Mr. Dickens will rather retard the day by blinding men to the true condition of affairs, and it is certain that there is small hope of a higher culture and a purer Christianity for a people who already believe themselves the wisest, best and greatest of mankind.

SOCIAL REMINISCENCES OF DISTINGUISHED NORTH CAROLINIANS.

No. I.

THE HON. FREDERICK NASH.

LORD MACAULAY in his admirable essay on History, compares the historian to a portrait painter.

"Any man with eyes and hands," he says, "may be taught to take a portrait. The process up to a certain point, is purely mechanical; if this were all, a man of talents might justly despise the occupation. But we could mention portraits which are resemblances, but not mere resemblances; faithful but much more than faithful; portraits which condense into one point of time, and exhibit at a single glance the whole history of turbid and eventful lives—in which the eye seems to scrutinize us, and the mouth to command us—in which the brow menaces, and the lip almost quivers with scorn — in which every wrinkle is a comment upon some important transaction."—The simile strikes us as more appropriate to the biographer than the historian, who represents in his picture, not the history of one eventful life only, but the leading incidents of many lives.

Biography is often to History what Grotius defines equity to be to law, "a correction of that wherein the law (by reason of its universality) is deficient." And the best historians, such as Macaulay and Alison, do not hesitate to refer frequently to the biographies, sketches, and memoirs of the men and women of the age of which they are writing, for material out of which to construct their histories; just as the painter, who wishes to represent some striking event in the life of a great man, or the history of a nation, seeks carefully for correct likenesses of the individuals concerned in it; and, while he gives full play to his imagination in their grouping and posture, will, if he be a true artist, take no liberties with their faces and figures, but transfer these in as exact and life-like a manner as possible, to his canvass.

The greatest minds have not thought it beneath them to write biographies, yet one of the weakest of men has given to the world the best biography ever written, simply because he possessed quick observation and a retentive memory, and did not hesitate to record, for the benefit of posterity, the most trifling remarks and actions of the great Dr. Johnson.

But there is another art—or rather trade—for as not even talent is required to excel in it—much less genius, it cannot properly be called an art—which we value highly, not only because it gives us good likenesses of distinguished men, at a price within even the limited means of most ex-Con-

federates, but because by it the real artist is frequently enabled to re-produce, with life-like correctness, the features of the dead on which he never looked when living. But for a coarse and poorly executed photograph of the great Stonewall Jackson, the true artist, William Garle Brown, could not have preserved to the world that face, the representation of which, by the hand of genius, it is only necessary to look upon to be at once convinced of the fallacy of the statement, too often made by those who knew him but slightly, that though a great general, his was but an ordinary mind.

The writer of these social reminiscences of distinguished North Carolinians, offers them to the readers of THE LAND WE LOVE, not as finished portraits, but as simple *cartes de visite*, and if any one of them shall assist a real artist to paint a truer and more lasting picture, or aid the future historian of the State to place in a more worthy or conspicuous position any one of her sons, they will not have been written in vain. Like the lover, who painted his mistress asleep and awake, standing and sitting, and yet lamented that he could not reproduce her in each new posture and dress, the people of North Carolina are ever eager to hear something more of her history; and many of them would value more highly a common photograph of one of her distinguished men, whom they had personally known and esteemed, than a finished engraving of a much greater man, whom they knew only by reputation.

Among those, who have sat in the high places of the State, though some may have been better known and more admired abroad, none have been more highly esteemed, or more sincerely beloved at home, than the Hon. Frederick Nash, who succeeded the Hon. William Gaston on the bench of the Supreme Court, and was, for six years out of the fourteen that he sat there, Chief Justice of the State of North Carolina.

A native of the town of New Berne, which also gave birth to John Stanley, William Gaston, George E. Badger, and Francis L. Hawks, he was worthy to be the friend and associate of these gentlemen, all of whom are well known to have been men calculated to elevate the moral, and adorn the intellectual tone of the the circle in which they moved. There was a courtly dignity and a polished grace of manner about the New Berne gentlemen of that day, which distinguished them even then. In the first settlement of a country, the sea board is always far in advance of the interior in cultivation and refinement of mind and manners. In no States is this fact more noticeable than in Virginia and the Carolinas, where the first permanent settlements were made by men of standing and wealth in their native country, and not by mere adventurers. The men of "thews and sinews," were the pioneers, who went further inland and became agriculturists: as the country was gradually settled, they were followed by the "men of mind;" but most of the large

grants of land held by the younger sons of the nobility, direct from the crown, were located near the sea-board, and there their descendants may still be found, in many cases residing on the land granted to their ancestors, which has never been either bought or sold.

Born in the palace of the old colonial Governors, an edifice said to be superior to anything of the kind in the United States, shortly after his father, Abner Nash, Esq., succeeded Richard Caswell, as Governor of the State, something of the air and manner of the aristocratic régime of General Washington hung round Judge Nash all his life.

Small in stature, and remarkable in his appearance only for the exquisite neatness and appropriateness of his dress; plain, unpretending and simple in his manner, and modest in the extreme, he yet showed at a glance that he was born, as well as bred, a *gentleman*. To no one was that noblest of all appellations, "Christian gentleman," more peculiarly applicable, for his gentility came, not from acquired graces, or the polish of education, though he was by no means deficient in this last, but from the innate purity and beauty of a character which rudeness, or even roughness of speech or manner, seemed unable to approach near enough, to ruffle or excite. The ancient Greeks adorned their homes with statues and pictures representiug men and women of exquisite grace and beauty of form and feature, because they believed that the physical development of a people was heightened by the constant contemplation of such objects of art. The moral, mental, and social characters of men and women are undoubtedly influenced by the examples around them. And in the present day, when something of the rudeness and freedom of the camp has insensibly crept into our drawing-rooms, tinging the manners of our young men, and blunting the sensitiveness of our young women, a contemplation of the dignified ease, and social graces of their grand-fathers and grand-mothers, cannot but be advantageous to them. At an age when most susceptible of life-long impressions, many of the sons of our most polished gentlemen, have been for months, not only away from the refining influences of home, but thrown into the closest contact with the roughest, and most unpolished of men. And their mothers and sisters during their short, and unfrequent furloughs and leaves of absence, thought more of clothing the outer, and solacing the inner man, than of polishing their manners.—There is a great deal of truth in most of our copy-book sentences, and in none more than "Manners make the man."

Genius is a gift and cannot be acquired, but any young man of fair abilities and good character, may, by application and attention to business, fit himself to become Chief Justice of the State, and be called to fill that position, but they are few, indeed, who could do it as Judge Nash did.—When he was elected to the Supreme Court bench, a gentleman

speaking to an intimate friend of his, who was also a lawyer, expressed a regret that a more brilliant man, and one better known out of the State, had not been chosen to succeed Judge Gaston. His reply was: "Nash is by far the best person to fill the position, for his high moral worth, and strict sense of justice is such that his decisions would have great weight with the bar of the State, even if his legal learning was less than it is: he has not the genius of Mr. Badger, or the profound legal knowledge of Mr. Winston, both of which are remarkable, but he has qualities which better fit him to be a Judge of the Supreme Court than either of these gentlemen."

He was a man of the strictest integrity, and utterly without deceit or duplicity of any kind, simply because he never felt the need of them in his own case, and would have scorned to use them for another.

"Just was his word, in every thought sincere,
He knew no wish but what the world might hear."

Seldom taking the lead in conversation at those social gatherings of the Raleigh bar, which were enlivened by the sparkling wit of Judge Gaston, the playful humor of Governor Manly, the intellectual elegance of Mr. Henry, and the brilliant conversation of Mr. Badger; there was yet something in the glance of his eye, the smile on his lip, and the quiet retort which he ever had ready for the witticisms of others, which showed him at once to be neither a common-place nor a dull companion. Hospitality was a leading feature of his character, and no where did he appear to better advantage than in his own house, where he loved to gather around him the young people of both sexes, though he was the most partial to the society of young girls, and made himself more agreeable to them than many nearer their own age could have done. The daughters of his intimate friends, many of them, called him "Uncle Nash," and even those, who did not so address him, almost always spoke of him by that affectionate title among themselves; a fact which goes far in itself to prove the gentle amiability of his disposition, which, with his playful good humor, made them feel that the interest, which he expressed in them, their occupations and amusements, was real, and not assumed for their gratification.

"That's just like Uncle Nash," said one of them once to his friend, Mr. Winston, who was reading aloud to her the diary of Mrs. Margaret Roper, in which she so beautifully portrays the character of her father, Sir Thos. Moore. "So it is," was his reply, "the likeness never struck me until you mentioned it, but their characters are not dissimilar, although their minds are of a different order."

Although Sir Thomas was a Catholic, and Judge Nash a Presbyterian, both held to their religious belief with the same unwavering tenacity, and one would have died for it as bravely and coolly as the other did. Campbell, in his lives of the Lord Chancellors of England, gives an

extract from a letter of Sir Thos. Moore, to Peter Giles, of Antwerp, which is a charming picture of the private life of a public man: Judge Nash might have sat for the portrait, for, not only did he spend his leisure hours in the same manner, but used frequently to speak in similar terms of the duties of the head of a family, and regret that he had so little time to give to them.

"For while the greatest part of the day is spent in other men's affairs, the remainder must be given to my family at home; so that I can reserve no part of it to myself for study. I must gossip with my wife, and chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in my own house; for with whomsoever either nature, or choice, or chance, has engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavor to make himself as acceptable to them, as he possibly can."

Judge Nash not only endeavored to make himself acceptable to all with whom he came in contact, but he also endeavored always to find in them something acceptable to him: and if there was a good, or agreeable trait in a person otherwise unpleasant, it seemed to be always the first thing that caught his attention. He was very near-sighted and used spectacles all his life, he frequently spoke of this defect with regret, but said 'he missed seeing many disagreeable, as well as some, pleasant things.

On one occasion, something was said in his presence about the freckles on a certain lady's face, greatly impairing her beauty.—"See there now," he said in his quiet, quaint way, "there is something I have gained by being near-sighted, for although I looked at her through my spectacles, I never discovered a freckle on her face, which struck me as being a remarkably pretty one." A few moments after, a young girl, whom his indulgent kindness had rendered affectionately saucy in her manner to him, made a true, but rather harsh, comment upon the character of a common acquaintance. "My dear," said he mildly, "I think you must be mistaken, I knew him well, and never saw anything of the kind in him."

"No, Uncle Nash," was the saucy reply, "and you will have to get spectacles for your mind as well as for your eyes before you can see what is disagreeable in a person, unless it conceals something good, and then you look right through the bad, and only point it out to show us the good that it hides."

He *had* spectacles for his mind as well as his eyes, for he looked at every one through the medium of that charity which "thinketh no evil;" and was, to the day of his death, remarkable for the child-like unsuspiciousness of his character, Though deeply and fervently pious, he had neither the asceticism nor the worldly prudence of the Puritan: this latter trait of character being generally quite as prominent in this sect as the former, and only yielding to it when their stern uncompromis-

ing religious prejudices intervene between them and their prosperity and comfort. He left most of the pecuniary management of his family affairs to his wife, who was a woman well fitted to be a help-meet to such a gentle and amiable character, for her lady-like refinement, which rendered it impossible for her ever to shock his taste, covered a strength and energy of mind and disposition, on which he felt he might rely in any emergency. He used to tell of his once buying some napkins of a peddler, and taking them home to her, supposing she would be delighted with his excellent bargain.

"Are they not nice, my dear?" he asked when, after looking at them, she laid them down without remarking, as he had thought she would, on their quality.

"Oh yes, they will do very well for the children," was the evasive reply.

A little crest-fallen he said, "Well, I suppose I am not a good judge of dry goods, but these were so very cheap, that they were a real bargain, though they are not quite so fine as you usually get them."

He then named the price he had paid, and Mrs. Nash, raising both hands, exclaimed:

"My dear Mr. Nash, you did not pay *that* for them."

"Yes, my dear; was it too much?"

"Just fifty cents in the dozen more than I gave for the last set of company napkins that I bought," replied Mrs. Nash, unable to restrain her laughter, on discovering how he had been taken in.

"Since then," he used to say, "I have confined myself entirely to my own department, and left my wife to manage hers without my help, which is more of a hinderance."

When attending court in Raleigh, he always staid with Mrs. James F. Taylor, to whom he was most warmly attached, and who returned his affection with the devotion of a daughter. She had known him from her childhood, being herself a native of New Berne, and the adopted daughter of Judge John Lewis Taylor, at whose house Judge Nash visited intimately. Judge Gaston, who was the brother of Mrs. John Lewis Taylor, also made Mrs. James Taylor's house his home during his visits to Raleigh, after the death of his brother-in-law, and it was a joyful event to the children of their friends, who attended the school kept by Mrs Taylor, when either of them arrived. Both were remarkably fond of children, and loved to sit on the porch and watch them at play, during the half hour in the morning before, as Judge Nash used to say, "both of our schools open." Judge Gaston entered heartily into all their sports, and would frequently gather them around the steps and tell them stories, or teach them new games; he wrote more than one song for their May-day celebrations, and used to drill the speakers, at the coronation of the queen, for days beforehand, and took a lively interest in the dance round the May-pole, which he always attended, besides adding, in a more substantial way, to their

enjoyments, by producing from his pocket, papers of sugar plums for distribution among them. On one occasion, hearing Mrs. Taylor speak of Judge Battle's children, as "the little Battles," he said gravely to her, "Don't you think, Eliza, it would be more correct to say the 'Skirmishes?'" As long as these children attended Mrs. Taylor's school, they were familiarly known by this sobriquet. Judge Gaston and Judge Nash were intimate friends from their earliest youth, until death separated them. Judge Gaston, who was full of real Irish wit and humor, always had some joke on his more quiet friend, who was, not, however, without his occasional revenge, instances of which would be related by Judge Gaston with as much zest as though they turned on another.

The *entente cordiale* between lawyers of the same bar is generally more perfect, than that existing between gentlemen of any other profession. They are fairly pitted against each other in the Court-House, where they fight out their battles, and, as there is nothing personal in these contests, they come from them to the social circle with the feelings of boxers who have laid aside the gloves, and only enjoy each others society the more for the previous encounter of their intellects: their jokes conceal no sting, and their witticisms seldom or never wound. This was especially the case with the Raleigh bar of that day, and the entertainments given by the resident lawyers to those attending the Superior Courts of Wake, and the Supreme Court, were marked by an unusual flow of intellectual good things. A witty lady visiting one of these gentlemen once, said in allusion to one of these parties where she had met Mr. Badger, Mr. Hogg, and Mr. Hawks, who was then a lawyer at the North Carolina bar, and, had he continued in the profession, would doubtless have distinguished himself as much in it, as he afterwards did in the ministry; "that she could not have believed it possible she would so highly enjoy the society of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air."

Judge Nash and the Hon. Jas. Iredell, on one occasion, when riding the circuit together stopped for the night at the house of a brother lawyer. As the day had been both wet and cold, their host prevailed on them as soon as they entered, to take a glass of brandy and water. Fatigued with his journey, Judge Nash was even more quiet than usual, while Gov. Iredell, being a younger and more robust man, was, after a cup of coffee and a hearty supper, uncommonly brilliant in conversation, and persisted in asserting that Judge Nash, who happened at that time to be driving a young and rather wild horse, did it from a desire to cut a dash, adding that he must certainly be a descendant of the celebrated Beau Nash, and would be seen before long coming out in the dress of his great relative. Judge Nash bore his witticisms for some time without retort, at length rising from the sofa on which he was sitting, he said quietly: "I have one advantage over you, Mr. Iredell, at

any rate, for my liquor never stops at the end of my tongue, but mounts at once to my eyes and makes me sleepy, so I will bid you good night."

A good companion to this anecdote is one related by a gentleman of Raleigh, when Judge Nash was a Superior Court judge. It was just after the completion of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, and the first train of cars that passed over it was expected to arrive about 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening. Curiosity to see an engine in motion carried a number of persons to the depot, near which was a small house, occupied by a man named Caleb Malone, who had been indicted for selling liquor without a license, and was to be tried the next week. Two gentlemen standing near this house, the door of which was open, heard Malone's wife urging him to go out and see the train arrive. "Lord bless you, Betsy," was his reply, "I hai'nt got no heart to think about injines and sich nonsense, for I hearn tell today as how Judge Nash rides this here cirket, and if I's fotch up before him on that there in-dite-*ment* for selling liquor, I hai'nt got a grain 'er chance of gitting off, and he a Presbyterian and a te-totaler too."

His amiable disposition never affected his decisions as a Judge; of him it might truly be said, "the cause which he knew not he searched out;" but judgment was to him "a robe and a diadem," which he wore only when duty required, and gladly divested himself of. He early entered on the duties of public life, for at twenty-two he represented his native town in the Legislature; and at twenty-six was elected a trustee of the University of North Carolina, and during the whole of his long life, took a lively interest in its prosperity and success. Shortly after his marriage to Miss Kollock, he removed to Hillsboro,' where he ever afterwards resided, and where his memory is still cherished by all who knew him. He was mercifully gathered to his fathers before the beginning of the late war, and thus spared the pain that his kind heart must have borne, had he lived to witness its horrors; as well as the mortification he would have experienced in the present degradation of his beloved State. He attended the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, which was held in Newbern, the autumn before his death, and, having looked once more on the scenes of his youth and early manhood, returned to the home of his married life, where in the bosom of his family, this good and faithful servant "entered into the joy of his Lord."

His death, like his life, was calm and peaceful, many of his old friends gathered around his dying bed to take a last farewell of one so universally beloved, and of whom it may truly be said—

"Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear."

CECIL.

BY I. M. PORTER HENRY.

In memory of my brother, who died about sixteen years of age, in the Confederate States Army.

Here where thy young feet rest, I bring
My simple gifts of flowers and speak
My simple words of love. God willed that thou
Should cast the burden of thy life
With bloodless hands, before His Throne, and thus
With manly mien and woman's innocence,
Thy soul passed on, "unspotted from the world."
Ah hadst thou stayed, thou wouldst have loved me Here;
But thou art gone, and love me There!

When I am near thy grave, I would not hear
Grand martial airs, nor tramp of feet,
Nor rolling drum—nay, I would ask the bird
In yonder sighing oak, whose shadow almost clasps
Two brothers in its arms, to sing aloud
For thee and him. Poor little tender-heart!
It hides away from tearless pain—I wish
'Twould sing and sing and sing, until the world
Grew full of Love, as Heaven is of Joy!
Ah hadst thou stayed, thou wouldst have loved me Here;
But thou art gone, and love me There!

I often wonder, gentle boy, if thou
And he who sleeps so near, have not clasped hands
In Heaven for me and mine!
Both died as strong men die; both fell as Princes fall
In warfare grand!
Alas, *he* fell at sword-point, stained the earth
With blood of Southern prime!
But thou wert young—the angels pitied thee,
And stayed the arm of Death
Until a mother cradled her poor boy—
Her poor, tired boy to rest.
Ah hadst thou stayed, thou wouldst have loved me Here;
But thou art gone, and love me There!

I weave for him this laurel green, sweet Bays,
And Ivy crowns, full blown Magnolias white,
And crimson blooms that tell of Southern growth
In flushed maturity; but slender fashioned flowers,
These pale Blush-roses, Hyacinths, Snow-drops,
And nodding Ash, I bind with shoots
Of tender green, that tell me of thy youth.
Ah hadst thou stayed, thou wouldst have loved me Here;
But thou art gone, and love me There!

Then sweet-lipped Violets I find, that fold
Imperial hues above their scented hearts,
And count them, one by one, to give each brother
Flower for flower, in sweet dividing.
Both clusters then I kiss, and bind with these
Dark strands, thy mourning sister's hair.
Long, tender messages of love I send
By them to Heaven, and in my simple Faith
They comfort me with dreams, of how two brothers,
Hand in hand, look down on me and smile.
I know that far off land is fair; but oh,
Forget me not! Still give me love for love,
It is the fairest, sweetest thing I cast
Upon thy grave; the heaviest, saddest thing
Is this hot tear!
Ah hadst thou stayed, thou wouldst have loved me Here;
But thou art gone, and love me There!

Greenville, Ala.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE history of the Empress is invested with an almost romantic interest. She was born at Granada, in Spain, in May 1826. Her father, the Count Montijo, was of an old and noble family, and by marriages at different periods, allied to some of the most illustrious names of Spain. Among them are those of Guzman, Fernandez, Teba and Barras. Her mother, though also born in Spain, was the daughter of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, for some years English Consul at the Spanish seaport of Malaga. He was descended from an ancient Scottish family of Closeburn—still in existence, but without their property.

Though educated principally at Madrid, she spent some time at school in England, and traveled a great deal with her mother, under the name of the Countess de Teba.

She was never, so far as I have been able to learn, considered remarkable for talent, but was always admired for her personal grace and beauty, and won much affection by her affable manners, and her uniformly amiable character. As is but too common with the attractive women of certain classes of society, she is said to have had a dash of coquetry, but possessed an under-current of deep, strong feeling, rendering her capable of very ardent attachments. And she is said to have had one disappointment, which rendered her for some time almost desperate. Nor was her heart less sensitive to other trials bearing upon her affections. A few years since, her sister, the Duchess D'Alba, died at her residence in Paris, which event affected the mind of the Empress with such violent anguish as to make her, for some time, quite inconsolable. Whenever she had occasion to pass her sister's home —situated within view of the Champs Elysées, which is the principal drive leading from the Palace of the Tuileries, her paroxysms of grief were so violent that the Emperor, in order to destroy the association, decided to purchase the property, and had the structure taken down; an incident which reflects rather pleasingly on the character of this singular man in his domestic relations.

But to return. Her mother, sometime a widow, removed to Paris, where she resided for a series of years. With means comparatively limited, she had no little difficulty, it is said, to keep her daughters in that circle of fashion, to which they naturally aspired, and to which their rank entitled them.

To effect this object, she incurred considerable indebtedness, which the Emperor is stated to have generously liquidated after his marriage to her daughter.

He is said to have long admired a grace, beauty and wit, which indeed were the admiration of all who knew her.

Being, however, desirous to form an alliance with some of the

crowned heads of Europe, by which he would strengthen his position and gratify the French people, he probably entertained no serious intentions towards her, until his proposals to the various courts had been rejected.

The brief and stormy reign of his uncle, with his sad fate, was still too vividly remembered to incline them to risk so intimate an alliance with one, who was at first naturally regarded as indebted for his elevation, not so much to his ability, as to the brilliant fame of Napoleon Bonaparte.—His remark, after the successive failures, is well known. He did not care, he "would now marry to please himself, but the time would come when they would regret it."

What regrets may have since been experienced by any of the parties, it might be difficult to ascertain, but the rejected suitor has, for years, been established in a power at home, and wielded an influence abroad, which is the marvel of the nations. His marriage to Eugenie Marie de Guzman, took place at Notre Dame, in January, 1853. The event had a happy celebration, in being made the occasion of granting an amnesty to four or five thousand political prisoners.

It was, however, very displeasing to the French people, whose inveterate pride was deeply wounded by what they regarded as rather a parvenu connection for the head of the nation.

There is in the palace of the Luxembourg, a splendidly executed painting, representing the ceremony. The figures are almost life-size, and include, besides the bridal party and officiating priest, several of the spectators.

The bride, attired with elegant simplicity, looks almost angelic in her exquisite and delicate beauty, her eyes cast to the floor.

I was told by a gentleman who was present, that she was pale and much agitated, owing, probably, to her knowledge of the general discontent prevailing in the city at the marriage. At first she was silently received by the populace—it is said there were occasional hisses even. But her uniform amiability and affable manners gradually overcame prejudice, and won her a place in the hearts of the people. Nor is this popularity, which may be said now to be almost universal, the result of merely amiable manners. Commendable as these may be, it is founded upon qualities still more substantial and creditable to the Empress. Her benevolence has been variously manifested. Those, who have regarded her merely as the leader of fashion, may be surprised to learn that some of those very fashions originated in efforts on her part to relieve the manufacturers of those fabrics. I will select one instance from several, which have been related to me.

On one occasion, when the manufacturers of embroidered muslins were in much distress in consequence of the little demand for them, they sent a deputation to wait upon Her Majesty. She received them kindly, heard their complaints, and immediately sent in orders for some of their most

expensive fabrics. In these she made her appearance at the first party—at the next, almost all the ladies were attired in the same, and very soon the numerous orders quite relieved the manufacturers.

This is ennobling fashion, if such a thing can be done, but at the same time, is no excuse for those, who to adopt it must make too large draughts upon a light purse, and perhaps add to the labors and mental anxiety of a father, or a husband, who may be already overtaxed with both.—But her benevolence has been manifested in a yet more noble manner. She has devoted both time and means, largely, to the indigent, the sick, the poor, and the orphan. She has not hesitated to visit hospitals, where cholera prevailed in its virulent forms, walking through the wards and speaking cheerful and encouraging words to the poor sufferers. It is related that these visits have sometimes been followed by a surprising number of immediate convalescents. Making due allowance for exaggeration, it seems not altogether incredible, when we reflect how much the physical condition is often affected, by an entire diversion of thought into some pleasant channel. It would be no little matter to poor, friendless inmates of a hospital to have a personal visit and kind words from Her Majesty, with all that winning manner for which she is remarkable. The orphan poor have had her especial attention.

Her first public efforts in this way were during the absence of the Emperor, in the Italian war in 1859. Having been invested temporarily with the regency of the empire, she made personal visits of inspection to various places. Among these, she found an Orphan Asylum, under the patronage of the Government, so miserably conducted, that, by virtue of her authority, she immediately broke up the establishment, and had the children dispersed in homes, which promised both comfort and an opportunity to learn some useful trade. The first near view I had of the Empress, during a sojourn of several weeks in Paris, last Autumn, was at the presentation of prizes to the Orphans of the Industrial Palace. This commodious and handsome edifice, erected for the first universal Exhibition is situated on the Champs Elysées, in the midst of attractive grounds.—It has been, for sometime, devoted to the use of a large number of orphans, who assemble there daily, and are taught many things, both useful and ornamental, which they may afterwards turn to good account in providing for themselves. They are neatly clothed, and appear bright and cheerful. Of this commendable Institution, she is the especial patroness, and once a year there is a public presentation of rewards to such of the pupils as have been particularly diligent, or excelled in any of the arts. At such times she is always present, accompanied by the young Prince, who, happily, seems to be her companion generally in her benevolent missions. On this occasion the bright expression of his face, and the spirited clapping of his

hands indicated a more than passive interest in the events of the day. Not only was the spacious building filled, but thousands of people were assembled in the grounds. These circumstances naturally endear the Empress to the people, and perhaps her popularity has done as much to strengthen the Emperor upon his throne, as a matrimonial alliance with any of the crowned heads of Europe could have done. There are, as usual, captious persons who insist that these efforts all spring from a desire for popularity. It is more agreeable to take a different view, and seems not unreasonable, considering the uniformity of her course during a long series of years. Still a most attractive looking woman at the age of forty-one, much of her beauty consists in that very lovely expression of countenance, which makes the beholder feel that she derives a real pleasure from doing good. At all events, whatever may be the motive, we must rejoice that it has been the source of great benefit to those who most needed it. Her example may be a useful one. Active benevolence seems to be the peculiar and appropriate field for woman. It is a pleasure which the humblest may enjoy, and when her influence is extended by the possession of superior position, wealth or intellect, it should find its noblest outlet in those works which afford relief to the suffering in body or mind. Even the blandishments of a pleasing manner are not to be disregarded. They are grateful to all, and where it is only an appropriate expression of a kindly nature, seldom fails to win its way to the heart of the most careless or the most obdurate.

S. B. H.

THE HAVERSACK.

We have all heard of the man, who found Napoleon, Arkansas, "such a refreshing place," because he was allowed to get battered and bruised to his heart's content in "a free fight," in that hospitable and kind-hearted town. An ex-captain of the so-called sends us the counterpart to this story from Bellevue, Alabama:

Private Cushman, of the 5th Alabama battalion, a gallant son of Erin, was known as one of the best soldiers in the command. He never missed a battle in which his company was engaged, never straggled, never missed duty on account of sickness, never asked for a furlough and was in every way a faultless soldier, except that he would occasionally "get a brick in his hat." He was offered the first "furlough of indulgence for meritorious services." He answered, "what do I want with a furlough? Jist let me go away for a day or two for me health. I have a bit of a wakeness in me

stomach, and a wee drap would be afther doing me good." He went to Richmond, invested all his Confederate "promises to pay" in the stimulant he loved so well, and came back, when his funds were all exhausted, with blackened eyes, a swelled nose, a mashed up face, and the general appearance of a used-up rebel. "I'm hearty as a buck now, me honey, all the wakeness is gone out of me stomach, and I'm ready for another turn at the bloody Yanks." He served to the close of the war most gallantly, without ever having been sick or wounded.

Confederate soldiers were never at a loss for expedients to cross the sentry line, when there were prospects of good foraging in the neighborhood. Private M., 5th Alabama battalion, became quite distinguished in this species of strategy—or stroll-ology. His dark skin enabled him to practice a trick upon sentinels, who did not know him, with almost unvarying success. With a canteen, or some cooking utensil in hand, he would walk across the sentry-line with the most unconcerned manner. When halted, he would seem very much surprised and exclaim, "what, you doesn't stop black folks, does ye?" The sentinel would say, "why, you are not a nigger are you?" "O, yes, I is, I belongs to Capt. Porter of the 5th Alabama battalion." "Go ahead, nig."

Would that the difficulty of discriminating between negroes and white men had terminated with the war. But it is more perplexing now than then. Some, who seem to be of the Caucasian race, affiliate with, associate with, and vote with the African. They ought to belong to Capt. Porter or some one else, and have free passes across the line.

Oxford, N. C., tells of a devoted and patriotic North Carolina mother:

When —— N. C. regiment was stationed at Wilmington, a young lad from R—— county deserted that command and went home. He arrived at night, knocked at the door and his widowed mother, *all of whose sons were in service*, opened it—the ruddy pine light showed her youngest born, Absalom, the son of her old age, standing without. Now the good widow had been informed, a few days before, that no furloughs were granted, and suspected something was wrong. Repressing the mother's instinct to clasp him in her arms, and holding the door so he could not enter, she said:

"Absalom, have you a furlough?"

"No, mother, I have not."

"You have deserted your colors, then."

"Yes, mother, I have," and was going on to excuse himself when she cut him short with

"Stop, Absalom, there is no excuse for deserting your country's cause. You cannot enter this house. Your father was a brave, true man. He built this house with his own hands, and no deserter shall enter it. Go to the kitchen, sir, and I will send supper and bedding out to you. In

the morning, you must return to your company."

Absalom retired to the kitchen. How that mother's heart yearned towards her boy that night, God alone can ever know. In the morning she came to see him, impressed him with the error of his course, and then made him join her in prayer to the Almighty to forgive him the crime, he had committed against God and his country. After this, she dismissed him with a letter to the colonel of his regiment. Absalom promptly delivered the letter, and according to a request contained in it, was let off with a light punishment. He afterwards made a good soldier, and was with the regiment at the final surrender.

The boys in camp said Absalom's mother "impressed him with the error of his course" by means of a hickory. This Absalom stoutly, and I believe, truly denied.

Talk of Spartan mothers after this! W.

The gallant colonel, who sends us this, has not given the subsequent history of the young man.

We are sure that his Spartan mother would rather have heard of his death in battle, or even of his being shot as a deserter, than for him to become one of the loyal Fetich.

Our next two anecdotes come from a young lady at Dover, Tennessee, who signs herself an "uncompromising rebel." What has become of Brownlow's "meelish?" Why have they not hunted up this fair rebel? Are they getting disloyal?

But let her speak for herself.

Mrs. W——, of Huntsville, Alabama, during the occupation of that place by the United States forces, was compelled, in order to prevent destruction of property, to "play Union." She was sitting in her parlor one day, talking to a Federal officer, when her little boy, six years old, came in. "How-de-do, buddie," said the officer, taking him on his knee, "is your ma Union or Secesh." "She's Union—*to get along*," innocently replied the little fellow.

We would say to our young rebel friend that we had just such a case in old North Carolina. A man, who had been a life-long Nullifier, turned "Union just to get along." But as there was no little boy to betray him, President Johnson thought that he was in good earnest and appointed him to an important office. But he betrayed Mr. Johnson just as he had done the Union and the Confederacy—all "to get along!!"

After a Federal raid on P——, West Tennessee, an old citizen of the town was seen walking very hurriedly up the street. "Where are you going, Mr. A., in such a hurry," asked a gentleman on the sidewalk. "The d—n Yanks have been to my house and eat everything on the place, and I am going up town to *get a lick of salt to give me a relish for water*," was the reply.

The last anecdote showing the mild manner, in which the war for the Union was carried on, brings out in strong relief the cruelty of Wirz, at Andersonville, who was so brutal as to give

Federal prisoners no better rations than Confederate soldiers had.

Carrollton, Missouri, tells of some of the freaks of the loyal militia in that severely oppressed State.

In the summer of 1864, the local militia became so oppressive as to provoke bush-whackers to retaliate. We were visited by one Capt. Anderson, better known as Bill Anderson, of Centralia notoriety. In addition to the local force, several companies were organized to kill, capture, or head-off the redoubtable Bill. Whenever he was known to be on the tramp, these companies were ordered to rendez-vous at a certain point, and they were sure to be too late to meet him. This occurred so often, as to excite a faint suspicion that the loyal and true men had a decided aversion to the sight of the rebel Bill.

On one occasion, however, a Mr. K——, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle was ordered out. He came on an old horse well-packed with blankets, bedding, eatables, cooking utensils, &c., and with a long shot gun on his shoulder. As he passed by a neighbor's house, he was asked where he was going.

"Jist gwine to take a bit of a hunt," said K——.

"What are you going to hunt?" asked the neighbor.

"Somat, I don't want to find," replied Emerald Isle.

"What is that?" next queried the neighbor.

"Faith and it's that bloody ribil Bill Anderson!" A. C. B.

Col. H. K. D., of Stonewall Jackson's Staff, sends an anecdote of "old Jubal" from Hagerstown, Maryland:

In January, '65, I left the army about Petersburg, on a short furlough, for the purpose of standing beside several of my fellow-officers, who were bent on marriage, in spite of the disjointed times. In my trip I visited Staunton, the Headquarters of "Old Jubal," and the remnant of the gallant little army of the Valley. The day after my arrival, being a a bright Sunday morning, Gen. Early surprised his staff by announcing his intention of going to church, requesting their company. It was a novel suggestion on the part of the commanding General, and chiefly for that reason, I fear, it met with a ready assent. I think the congregation of the Episcopal church was somewhat astonished at the entrance of Gen. Early and his large, characteristic staff—among whom were some gentlemen, whose piety much resembled that of their chief.

The sermon was a good one, earnest and impressive—the General and Staff devout listeners.—Toward its conclusion, where the exhortation usually comes in, the clergyman closed his book emphatically, and raising his right arm, with emphasis exclaimed:

"Suppose, my Christian friends, that those who have laid for centuries in their graves should arise now and come forth from their quiet resting places; and marching in their white shrouds should pass before this congregation, by thousands and tens of thousands, what would be the result?"

"Ah!" exclaimed old Jubal in

a stage whisper, "I'd conscript every d—d one of them."

It was an unfortunate suggestion on the part of the preacher, for Gen. Early remembered the great host of Sheridan and his own little band, and he would, willingly, for reinforcements, as Gen. Grant said, "have robbed both the cradle and the grave." And such is our natural depravity, that I have forgotten the text of that day, and all of the sermon, except what was pinned to my memory by that irreverent *mot* of old Jubal.

H. K. D.

Bayou City, Texas, gives the next two incidents:

Captain C —— of company H., 5th Texas, had a most remarkably loud voice—which, in battle, could be distinctly heard above the din and clangor, repeating the various commands. Before writing a single line more, let me here record for the reader's benefit, that a braver, cooler, and more gallant officer never went into action, and this we all knew and appreciated. It is told on the Captain that at "Gettysburg," in in one of the charges, the men were rapidly approaching a rock fence, and he being infused with a sudden amount of either patriotism or generosity, cried out in his loud voice, "*ten dollars to the man that first leaps that stone wall.*" And at break-neck speed ran company H. for the stone-wall—a new and unworn Confederate, "new issue," of the $10 print filling their imaginations. The one most fortunate was Sergeant Keys, but just as he was in the act of throwing the remaining leg over the wall, Captain C's. voice was again heard, "*hold on Sergt. Keys, file-closers not included.*" The pith of the affair is this. Men can be cool under danger—and the Captain, besides being cool, repented of his generosity, or his promise, when he saw that it would cost him an X, and his wits prompted the above rebuke to Sergt. Keys, for as next best to Keys, came the whole company.

If you ever meet the Captain, don't mention Sergt. Keys and that stonewall.

Every soldier is well aware of the confusion and demoralization a panic among troops will cause, even though they be soldiers as brave, renowned and fearless as Napoleon's "Old Guard"—Men lose self-possession, second thoughts take wings, and a few moments may change an army that was a machine, into a vast, ungovernable mob. The following incident, of which "Hood's Texas brigade" were the heroes, has invoked a laugh every time my mind has recurred thereto, and deeming it able to bring a smile upon the countenance of others, I repeat it.

On Lee's march from the vicinity of Richmond, in 1862, on his way to the plains of Manassas—where we afterwards met him of "Head-quarters in the saddle," we were frequently called upon to tax our limbs with forced marches. On one occasion, we had been marching for 20 hours, night approached as we were nearing the boundaries of Fauquier

county, and still we were informed that we would have to continue our march, until a late hour of that night. Thus wearied, it is not surprising that at every momentary halt, the men would fall down in their tracks asleep, and even enjoy a "snooze" while standing. On one of these halts, the hour 10 p. m., the men as usual sank down, and were in a dreamy sleep. Just ahead of our command was a wagon train, the head of the column halting at the foot of a hill, its sides covered with stones, and the last wagon halting immediately upon the brow of the hill. Thus stood affairs, the men lying and standing along the road in a fitful sleep, down came an empty barrel from off the wagon on the hill, rolling down the hill over stones, making a most terrible racket. "*Yankee cavalry*" screamed the first sleepers, the cry was taken up, ran down the lines, and away scampered the men through pine bushes, rolling and tumbling over each other. Your correspondent "followed suit," and found himself with three others endeavoring to make his way over a pine bush. Order came, and we resumed the march. R. C.

The concluding incidents have been furnished us by an esteemed Ex-Chaplain, now at Lexington, Virginia:

The dislike of the private soldiers for Quartermasters and Commissaries was well nigh universal, and frequently did great injustice to worthy officers and gentlemen. The ragged jokers of our army never neglected an opportunity of making a hit at these officers, and many were their practical jokes at their expense.

When Lee's weary boys were hurrying on to reinforce Beauregard, at Petersburg, in '64, they passed a spot near the city in striking contrast with the dusty roads. A beautiful grove shaded the green yard of a stately mansion, a cool spring gushed forth from the hill-side, and it seemed indeed an oasis inviting to repose. The attention of the men was called to a large placard, bearing the inscription: "This yard has been selected as Head-quarters of Maj. ———, Q. M. of ——— division." Many jests were passed about the Q. Ms. always contriving "to make themselves comfortable," when a ragged Confed. stepped from the ranks and wrote in large characters under the inscription, "Maj. ——— will *hold his position at all hazards.*"

The men used to call shot or shell that passed over head and went far to the rear, "*Quartermaster hunters.*" Upon one occasion, at Petersburg, during a severe artillery fire, a gallant fellow with more humor than prudence—jumped upon the parapet, and pointing to a shell then passing over, exclaimed: "A little more to the right, a little more to the right, the Quarter-masters are *down behind that hill.*"

During the battle of Cedar Run Mountain, General Ewell got off a grim joke at the expense of a gallant Q. M. Seeing him at some distance, the General called out, "I say!—you man with the

fine clothes on, come here." The order was obeyed and the old veteran asked: "Who are you, sir, and what were you doing there?"

"I am, sir, Capt. ——, Q. M. — Virginia regiment. I was only looking at the progress of the fight."

"Good Heavens" exclaimed the General, in well feigned astonishment—"who ever heard of a Quartermaster on a battle field? But since you are here, sir, I'll make you *useful as well as ornamental*," and thereupon he sent him with a message to Gen. Jackson, who was to be generally found during an engagement, nearer the post of danger than was pleasant to a non-combatant. The gallant Quarter master carried the dispatch, and brought back old Stonewall's reply, but says that he suddenly remembered that he had to see after his train and never went near Gen. Ewell during a battle again.

A certain Commissary of high rank used to ride a splendid charger, whose white tail and mane showed clearly that they were familiar with soap and water. As he passed some troops one day a ragged (if not dirty) private called out in stentorian tones: "Look, boys,—look at that horse's tail and mane. Thar is whar all of our soap is gone to, that's the reason we got no soap at the last drawin'."

EDITORIAL.

THE great danger now at the South is that the manhood, the independence, the integrity of the people will be destroyed,—a calamity, which the truly noble and high-toned at the North would deplore as much as we would ourselves. Every thing has been done to debauch the moral perceptions of our unfortunate section. We have seen treachery rewarded, wickedness triumphant, the honorable thrust down, the base elevated, honesty despised, successful villainy applauded, consistent adherence to principle crushed to the earth, sleek subserviency raised to posts of honor and power. We have seen culture, refinement, and virtue regarded as crimes, while ignorance, coarseness and vice were commended. We have seen the high-born reduced to beggary and the obscure rolling in luxury. We have known family names covered with obloquy, which had been revered for generations, while the vilest and meanest of mankind were suddenly transformed into honorable governors, judges, congressmen, mayors, aldermen, &c. All this is calculated to upset all previous convictions of the immutability of right, and to awaken the fear that honor is but a name, virtue a myth, and principle a folly. This appalling

state of the public mind is fearfully aggravated by the false standard, which has long existed in America, viz: that success is the true criterion of merit. The millionaire has been honored though he made his fortune by fraud, peculation and knavery. The demagogue has been honored, who attained his position by appeals to the low instincts and passions of the mob. The lawyer has been honored, who succeeded in clearing the guilty by brow-beating and confounding the witnesses, or by some adroit legal quirk. And so in all the departments of human effort, failure has been construed into an evidence of weakness, and success has been regarded as indicative of superior ability. We have not stopped to inquire whether the failure was owing to uncontrollable circumstances, or to an unwillingness in the unsuccessful man to do a low and mean thing. Nor have we asked in regard to the fortunate individual whether fortuitous causes had not been in his favor, and whether he was scrupulous in the use of the means to advance his ends. The American people simply look at the *result*, and praise or blame as that result has been brilliant or otherwise.

The effect of this false system of reckoning is mischievous and only mischievous, when applied to individuals. It is absolutely monstrous, when applied to nations. We are now having the absurd doctrine thrust upon the South that our cause was wrong because it failed. Almost every page, certainly every chapter, of profane history demonstrates the falsehood of this teaching. The very men, who are loudest in proclaiming this hideous standard of right and wrong, acknowledge that their cause failed in the old world and that they sought a refuge from persecution in the new. Plymouth Rock is a perpetual monument of the failure of Puritanism in England. Will the descendants of the Puritans admit that their ancestors were sinners because of this want of success? Will they pretend that the mongrel, barbarous, and idolatrous nations, who desolated Palestine and scourged God's people, were more righteous than those they oppressed? Was the great Teacher of Christianity successful in his day and generation? He was denied by one disciple, betrayed by another, and deserted by all. Of the vast crowds, who attended his ministry, three women alone were faithful to him, when he died a death of shame and torture. His spotless life was a failure, according to the detestable maxims of these modern reformers. But we will draw an illustration from a man, whom they reverence a thousand fold more than they do the lowly Nazarene. Will the Tyngs, Cheevers and Beechers of the loyal North admit that the cause of the horse-thief and murderer, John Brown, was wicked, because the old villain perished upon the gallows? Have they not sung in Christian Churches and on the Lord's Day, "John Brown's soul is marching on?" If his death did not prove him a sinner, why does the death of the Confederacy prove the un-

righteousness of the Southern cause?

When the Poles failed to preserve their nationality, did their want of success prove them greater sinners than the monsters, who partitioned their territory? Upon what principle, do these pretenders affect sympathy with Greece, Ireland, and Crete? Does not failure indicate the frowns of Heaven against the struggling nations? The loyal North ran wild in its enthusiasm over Kossuth and oppressed Hungary.—But Kossuth and his compatriots failed more ignominiously than Jeff. Davis and his Confederates.

La Vendée contained the purest, best and bravest population in France. Alison says of this people: "They were gentle, pious, charitable and hospitable, full of courage and energy, with pure feelings and uncorrupted manners. Rarely was a crime, seldom a lawsuit, heard of among them . . Religion, as might naturally be expected with such manners, exercised an unbounded sway over these simple people. They looked up with filial veneration to their village pastors, whose habits and benevolence rendered them a faithful image of the primitive Church." They were attached to the old order of things, they loved their country and their religion, they were devoted to their king, faithful to their wives, tender to their children, honest and upright in all their dealings.—Such principles could not fail to make them odious to the Jacobin leaders, and a ruthless war was waged against them. The skill and courage of their leaders, Lescure, La Rochejaquelin, Bouchamps and Cathelineau availed nothing. The dauntless heroism of their troops availed nothing against overwhelming numbers, superior discipline and more efficient equipments. Thurreau was sent against them, and anticipated by seventy years the fiendish policy of Sherman and Sheridan. "He formed twelve corps, aptly denominated *infernal columns*, whose orders were to traverse the country in every direction, isolate it from all communication with the rest of the world, carry off or destroy all the grain and cattle, murder all the inhabitants and burn down all the houses. These orders were but too faithfully executed; the infernal columns pierced the country in every direction; their path might be traced by the conflagration of villages, their footsteps known by the corpses of the inhabitants." (Alison, vol. 1, page 271.) We will digress here a moment, to remark that Sherman showed no originality in his "march to the sea." He but adopted and pursued the policy of Thurreau, whom the whole world execrates.

La Vendée was conquered and desolated. Her great leaders perished in battle. From a fourth to a third of her people died on the field or were butchered in cold blood. The infamous Barere announced, "La Vendée is no more; a profound solitude reigns in the Bocage, covered with cinders and watered with tears."—There is probably not a man living so lost to truth and decency, as to contend that the slaughtered Vendéans were more wicked

than their Jacobin butchers.

The South was the La Vendée of the United States. Her conservatism, her love for the Constitution, her attachment to the old usages of society, her devotion to principles, her faith in Bible truth—all these involved her in a long and bloody war with that Radicalism which seeks to overthrow all that is venerable, respectable and of good report. Every student of history must have been struck with the resemblance of the South to La Vendée, both in the principles for which they fought and in the fate which befell them. It was a struggle with both for conservatism against lawlessness, infidelity, irreverence towards God and man, *radicalism*. Both gained prodigious victories, both exhibited miracles of courage and constancy, and both—failed utterly and hopelessly. If the failure of La Vendée be not construed into a token of the Divine displeasure, the misfortunes of the South ought not to have a different interpretation.

In all conscience, it debauches the public mind enough to see villainy triumphant and virtue oppressed. Save us from the dreadful doctrine that the triumph of the villain proves him to be a favorite of Heaven, and the suffering of the virtuous man shows that God is his enemy.—Away with this monstrous teaching which history and experience alike demonstrate to be false, and which the Bible utterly condemns. It is a sore trial of faith to see thieves rolling in luxury and honest men in rags. It is a sore trial of faith to see the hypocritical renegades in power and true men crushed to the earth.—Even David, the man of God's own heart, was startled by these things, and found it hard to preserve his unwavering belief in the over-ruling Providence. Even he compared the wicked to the green bay tree, the most flourishing of the trees of the East. But David looked again and the wicked had "passed away, and lo he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." The wisest of men has said, "the lying tongue is but for a moment." It is not possible that the mean creatures can long remain in power, who have reached their present height by falsehood in thought, falsehood in words and falsehood in deeds. The proverb says that "every dog must have his day;" and that is to be expected in the summer solstice, but we trust that the *dog days* will be short, and we look forward hopefully to the *shortening* days of November.

Our young men have a sad spectable presented to them.—They see worming, squirming, wriggling, writhing, twisting, crawling, fawning renegades become governors, judges, congressmen, presidents of railroads, mayors, aldermen, &c., &c. A voice seems to come from these loyal dignitaries to our ambitious youth, "be vile like us and you too shall have your reward!" Let none of noble instincts listen to these dulcet notes of syrens (whining of curs?), but let the ingenuous youth reflect rather that "the name of the wicked shall rot" while "the memory of the just is blessed." The fortunes of Washington were

at a very low ebb, when Arnold was rewarded for his treachery, with ten thousand guineas and a high command in the British Army. But the loyal traitor is despised throughout the world, while the rebel, who was true to his own people, is revered by the whole human race. Gen. Hampton, in commending the example of Washington to the young men of his country, thus eloquently alludes to this disastrous period:

In these days, when justice is forgotten, honor laughed to scorn, truth scoffed at; when the foundations of the great deep of morals are shaken to their center, and when falsehood and perjury are disguised under pleasant names, we may well call on our young men, in whom lies the future hope of the country, to mould their being from the noble model presented by his. Let them learn from the study of his history that truth was the firm basis on which his great character was formed; and let them remember that, if the devil is the father of lies and of liars, no true excellence of character can be attained where the corner-stones are not truth and honor. When Rome could apply the epithet "*mendax*" to Greece and speak of "lying Greece," the land of Aristides and Socrates was but a subjugated province, whose people were slaves.

Follow as closely as you can in the footsteps of our great countryman; and though it may not be given to you to reach that grand height to which he soared, you can at least, like him, walk through life in the path of duty, and be supported as he was, in the hour of death, by that blessed faith which springs alone from the faithful discharge of every duty to one's country, to his fellow-man, and to his God.

Greeley says that the Republican party is the representative party of American ideas. Let us see how this is: Butler, with his spoons, represents honesty; Bingham, with Anne Surratt cowering at his feet, represents chivalry; Thad., with the "lady and sister," represents chastity; honest Ben., with his oaths, represents reverence; Boutwell, with his "hole in the sky," represents science; *Colonel* Wilson, with his champagne bottles at Centreville, represents strategy; Gen. Schenck, reconnoitering in a railroad train at Vienna, represents progress in the art of war; Gen. Banks represents improvement in the Commissariat; General Burnsides, with the New Berne (N. C.) pianos, represents music; General Sherman, with his bummers, represents charity; Gen. Sheridan, burning barns and mills, represents Ceres, (excuse the gender;) Gen. Grant represents eloquence; Grant, Pére, with mule and monkey, represents history; Mullins, of Tennessee, represents the spread-eagle; Beecher, with his novel and theatricals, represents theology; Tyng and Cheever represent brotherly love. Truly a representative class of loyal worthies!

But not content with such a display of representatives among the great leaders of the party, they have appointed 500,000 moral lights in the shape of loyal officials, which should dispel the darkness of ignorance and the gloom of rebellion. The gentle, lovely and accomplished Mrs. Cady Stanton tells us that these 500,000 officials are all thieves! We would not for the world be so

deficient in courtesy as to differ with this charming lady, even if our experience was different from hers. But it isn't! Estimable lady! we believe you to be a model of truth and a miracle of frankness! May your shadow never be less!

We have hitherto mentioned the distinguished honor, which our city (?) had bestowed upon her in an address delivered by Hon. W. D. Kelley of Philadelphia. His audience was intensely small, but select, composed of different races and colors; all, however, of kindred souls and kindred tastes. The Judge gave a glowing picture of the wondrous fertility of the Southern soil and of the vast mineral wealth of our Fetich-ridden section. He was particularly ardent in his admiration of Alabama, perhaps his admiration was somewhat fired by his warm reception at Mobile.—We don't know certainly how that may have been, but he is reported to have said:

Alabama has more natural wealth than all the New England States together. Alabama abounds in iron, while New England is without any, save a little bed of ore on the borders of Connecticut and Massachusetts, so small that it would scarcely be noticed, amid the broad veins of heaven enriched Alabama. She has no coal, while coal and limestone in immense deposits lie in close proximity to your beds of iron ore. New England can grow but little wheat, corn or rye—so thin and sterile is her soil in many places, that her people sow rye, not for the grain, but for the straw to manufacture into hats and other articles, and so wide apart do the stalks grow, that at the proper season, children find employment in plucking it stalk by stalk, and laying them down perfectly straight, that those who are to work them into fabrics may have them at their greatest length. In my dear Pennsylvania, it will be late in August, before the wheat is ripe, but yours in favored parts of the State is now (the spring) ready for the sickle.

Now it is a little remarkable that all these enthusiastic eulogies upon the vast resources of this region come from the very men, who are inaugurating a system, which is fast turning it into a desolate wilderness and is driving out of it all the respectable people, who can raise the means to get away. The persistency of these eulogists in a course of conduct, which they *know* can have no other result, is well calculated to raise the suspicion that their object is to get rid of the owners of the soil, so that they themselves may come in and take possession. We earnestly hope that they have had no such design, but they could not have taken a more effectual course to bring about this end. There are thousands here, who believe that these men have devised a systematic and well-considered scheme to make the lands of the South worthless, that they may get them for a trifle, or for the simple occupation. There has not a single emissary of the party of hate and ruin visited the South, who has not gloated over the richness of the lands. This uniformity of sentiment among all their orators does look like they had been casting greedy and covetous looks upon these fertile

fields. History often repeats itself. An incident similar to this took place 2,800 years ago.

A certain king wished to buy a vineyard from one of his subjects, and he was willing to give a fair price for it, (here the parallel fails.) But the subject replied, "I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers." Then the king became very sad and was "heavy and displeased," after the manner of the pure Thaddeus when impeachment failed. But the wife of the king was a strong-minded woman, and she devised a scheme by which the vineyard of the rebel could be got very cheap, yea, without costing a farthing. The man was a rebel against the wishes of his sovereign, and had no right to life or property. (See letter of Gen. Sherman in elucidation of the law of nations.) So they killed him and the joyful king went down to take possession of the beautiful vineyard. But the terrible prophet of the Lord met him and said: "in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." And the prophet said of the strong-minded woman: "the dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

Now, the most instructive part of this true story is this: the dogs which licked the blood of Ahab, and the dogs which ate the flesh of Jezebel were *their own dogs*, which they had fed, trained and caressed. Just here the story has a fearful resemblance to what we now see going on. These covetous Ahabs and these covetous Jezebels (for there are strong-minded women among them,) are feeding, training and caressing a breed of renegade dogs, which are more ferocious than those which craunched the bones of the miserable woman by the wall of Jezreel. The first act in the tragedy, the murdering of Naboth has been played, the last act may come in its season.

Blackwood's Magazine ontains the views of J. Q. Adams in opposition to coërcion of Sovereign States. Would the old man eloquent have changed his opinions as easily as did Mr. Lincoln?—Who knows?

"The indissoluble link of union between the people of the several States in this Confederation," said John Quincy Adams, President, and son of a President, "exists, after all, not in the *right*, but in the *heart*. If the day should ever come—may Heaven avert it!—when the affections of the people in these States shall be alienated from each other, when the fraternal feeling shall give way to cold indifference, or collisions of interest shall fester into hatred, the bonds of political association will not long hold together parties no longer attracted by the magnetism of conciliated interests and friendly sympathies; and *far better will it be for the people of the disunited States to part in friendship from each other*, than to be held together by restraint. Then will be the time for reverting to the precedents, which occurred at the formation and adoption of the Constitution to *form again a more perfect union by dissolving that which could no longer bind*, and to leave the separate parts to be united by the law of political gravitation to the centre."

The writer in Blackwood adds

this comment upon these views of Mr. Adams:

Happy would it have been for all America if the North had been of this opinion in 1861. Happy will it be for them now if such sentiments shall animate the majority, on whichever side it shall declare itself.

It is probably not generally known that the only Theological Seminary for colored people in the whole United States is in the *town* of Charlotte, N. C., which some jocular persons got incorporated as a *city*. A characteristic incident has taken place in this young seminary. A loyal student, inflamed with the desire to imitate other loyal personages of eminence and renown, put his hands in the pocket of a fellow-student and Butlerized his pocket-book. He was taken to the head-quarters of loyal men, the county jail, and at this writing, is in durance vile. Be not discouraged, emulous youth! your loyal conduct will make you an immense favorite with loyal men everywhere.—Our loyal Judge, who so recently left the Maine penitentiary, will hail you, in a double sense, a "man and *brother*." It would be a graceful and appropriate thing in our Fetich Chief to pardon you, and appoint you chaplain in ordinary to our loyal Legislature.

Waning Loyalty.—A fractional piece of currency valued at twenty-five cents has come safely to our office, all the way from Owensboro, Kentucky. This is the first evidence we have had of flagging zeal on the part of the loyal Post Office officials. We hail the auspicious omen with unqualified delight.

Our Advertisements.—We feel it to be a duty to call attention to the *home* schools advertised in this magazine. Washington College, with its illustrious Head and able Faculty. The Virginia Military Institute, enshrined in our hearts by Stonewall Jackson's connection with it. The teachers there are all men of thorough scientific attainments, but we think that we make no invidious distinction when we note the fact that Maury and Brooke have a world-wide reputation.—The Institute, we believe, furnished more distinguished officers to the Confederacy than any dozen Colleges of the South combined.

The Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond, is well worthy of the patronage of the South. The University of Maryland is entering upon its 61st Session.—In addition to all the advantages afforded by the more Northern Colleges, the students have the benefit of the refined and cultivated society of Richmond and Baltimore, and association with ladies and gentlemen of congenial tastes and sentiments.

Washington University of Baltimore has a Faculty composed entirely of Confederate Surgeons, all gentlemen of large experience and extensive reading.

It is a little remarkable that the University of Pennsylvania, with its intense Radicalism, is better patronized by Southern students,

than conservative Jefferson College, numbering among its distinguished Faculty, Prof. S. H. Dickson, so long and favorably known at the South.

Davidson College has the largest building and the best endowment in the South. Its Faculty is inferior to no other in this section, and now that the loyal Fetich have closed the University, we hope to see this meritorious Institution have the patronage it so richly deserves.

ARIEL.*

6. We consider his argument from the Fall of Man. The wonderful discovery is made that the Fall of Man was occasioned by the *Negro!* who was Adam's Tempter in the Garden of Eden! "The intelligent cannot fail to discover who was the tempter in the Garden of Eden. It was a *beast, a talking beast*, a beast that talked *naturally*. God called it a beast 'more subtle than all the beasts the Lord God had made.' As Adam was the Federal Head of all his posterity, as well as the real head, *so was this beast, the Negro, the federal head of all beasts and cattle, down to creeping things.*"!!

This being so, then these consequences follow: 1. As Federal Headship implies not only intelligence, and intelligence of the highest degree, but also moral responsibility, and therefore presupposes personality, moral agency, then of course the Negro being a federal head, must also be a person, moral and responsible, and therefore has a soul, and is no beast. 2. The intelligence of this federal head of the beasts, the Negro, proved to be superior to the intelligence of Adam himself, the federal head of men!—3. The curse pronounced upon the *Negro*, who was the Serpent, the Tempter, was, that *he should go upon his belly, and eat dust all the days of his life!!* He was not to eat *his* bread in the sweat of his brow—*he doesn't do it now!*—for that was the sentence passed upon Adam's race; nor were negro women in sorrow to bring forth; but both were cursed above all cattle, and were to go upon their bellies, and eat dust all their days!! 4. As the Bible teaches us, that the *Devil* was Adam's Tempter, and really says nothing of the shape of the Tempter, then the Negro is the Devil, and the Devil is a beast! 5. Although Adam had dominion given him over *all* the beasts of the field, yet the Negro, a beast, and the federal head of all beasts, got dominion over him, and so "all beasts and cattle, down to creeping things" in their federal head, the Negro, got dominion over Adam's race! Thus Adam's race fell under the

* Continued from page 378.

power of the Negro, the Tempter; so that the people of the South now have *precedent* for their condition—which is the just and natural one—viz: *under the power of Niggers!!* And into this condition the whole country is bound to come. So that, the sooner the Radicals manufacture *another* "Constitutional Amendment," recognizing *Nigger Federal Headship*, and *Nigger Dominion*, the sooner will be better "the best government the world ever saw!!"

7. We consider his argument of the Negro causing the Unpardonable Sin. "The crime of amalgamation, or miscegenation of the white race with the black—*mere beasts of the earth*—is" he says, "the most awful crime that man can commit in the sight of God"—"all, all the crimsoned crimes of earth, or within the power of man's infamy and turpitude to commit and blacken his soul, are as nothing on earth, as compared with this"—"this unforgivable sin"—"cannot be forgiven by God, *never* has been forgiven on earth, and *never will be*"—"cannot be propitiated by all the sacrifices earth can make or give." That amalgamation should involve social degradation and loss of caste, on the part of the superior race, is right and proper. But that it is a *sin unpardonable, of itself*, and, therefore, that the parties are doomed, necessarily, to inevitable damnation, *even though united, formally, by marriage*—is a piece of most monstrous folly, to assert. According to this dogma, every one who was *once* guilty of this sin, is infallibly damned!—For there is no repentance and no forgiveness, for it. Every mulatto, then, is the sign of the Unpardonable Sin! the token that the white parent is certain of damnation! And as the Law of God required, that "If a man lie with a beast, he shall surely be put to death; and ye shall slay the beast"—and in some States this is also the law—then, the white, and the black, and the mulatto, must all be put to death!

Again. It seems that not only the human race are guilty, but that also "mere beasts of the earth" are "involved in the same *sin*," "*moral criminals* in the sight of Heaven"—although they have no souls! We consider,

8. His argument of the Negro originating profanity, idolatry, and demon-worship. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." "These *men* who then began to call upon the name of the Lord, were *negroes*—the "men" so named by Adam, when he named the other beasts and cattle. This cannot be questioned." "That the calling was profane, is admitted by all our ablest commentators and Biblical scholars, as may be seen by reference to their works. See Adam Clarke. The Jews translate it thus: 'Then men began to profane the name of the Lord.'" Now, in the first place, the word "men" is not in the Hebrew at all! Properly rendered, the words are, "Then it was begun to call upon the name of the Lord." This is death to his theory. In the second place, "the calling on the name of the Lord" is *not* admitted by all the ablest commen-

tators and scholars, to be profanity. A bold ignoramus only would have ventured such an assertion. The great majority of commentators and scholars condemn this view.

Calvin says: "It is a foolish figment, that God then began to be called by other names; since Moses does not here censure depraved superstitions, but commends the piety of one family which worshipped God in purity and holiness, when religion, among other people, was polluted or extinct."

Pool says: " 'To call upon the name of the Lord;' to worship God in a more public and solemn manner. Some render the place thus: ' 'Then began men to profane the name of the Lord.' But this seems neither to agree with the Hebrew phrase, nor to suit with this place, where he speaks of the posterity of Seth; who were the holy seed, and the only church of God then in the world." Even Adam Clarke, to whom Ariel particularly refers, holds the same view with Pool. And this is one of many proofs, that no dependence whatever can be placed upon even the quotations of this scribbler. Clarke shews what his opinion is by these words: "As the followers of God, at this early period, found it indispensably necessary to separate themselves from all those who were irreligious and profane, and to make a public profession of their attachment to the truth; so it should be so now." He refers the opinion, originally, to the Jewish Doctors, that the words signified "profaning the name of the Lord." Most of them, he says, held that view. But on examination, we find, that great difference of opinion existed even among them.

Onkelos, the Chaldee Paraphrast, renders it, "Then began men to pray." But the Chaldee in the Masorites Bible says: "Then in his days, the sons of men left off from praying in the name of the Lord."

In the third place, even if the word "men" were in the Hebrew, and if the word "call" means "profane," how could *beasts* "profane the name of the Lord?"—Neither worship, nor the abuse of it, profanity, can be predicated of a creature that has no soul.—Again. He tells us, "that the law of God, that 'no man having *a flat nose* shall approach unto his altar,' includes the whole negro race, and expressly excludes them from coming to His altar, for any act of worship!" If all flat noses are excluded, then many white men are flatly excluded! And also, every one blind, lame, broken-footed, broken-handed, crook-backed, every dwarf, every one with a blemished eye, or any blemish, are, by the same law, excluded! But it is the flat-nosed man "*of Aaron's seed*," that is specified! See Leviticus 21:17, 18. But if it be forbidden to negroes to engage in an act of worship, what will Ariel make of the following passages? which, according to his canon of criticism, must refer to negroes, as, in each, "men," not "the men," is found: where the prefix "*the*" is wanting, he says, the reference is always to negroes:

"Let us make *negro* in our im-

age."—"The preparations of the heart in *negro* are from the Lord."—"Blessed is *the negro* whose strength is in Thee."—"Son of *negro*, I have made thee a watchman."—"He hath shewed thee, *O Negro*, what is good. And what doth the Lord *require of thee*, but to do justly, and to love mercy, *and to walk humbly with thy God?*" Again: He tells us, that if the negro be left to himself, "to the worship of demons he will go. *Not so with Adam's children.*" And yet the Bible tells us, that "the Gentiles sacrificed to devils, and not to God." 1 Cor. 10:20; and that *even the Jews* sacrificed, not only to idols, but "to devils, and not to God"—Deut. 32:17; yea, that they did even "sacrifice *their sons and their daughters to devils!!*" Ps. 106:37.

9. We consider his argument of the Negro causing the Flood. Miscegenation again, the curse of the old world! Only one man kept himself pure. Noah only "was perfect in his generation." 'Generation' should have been translated 'genealogy.' "Any English scholar will see at once, that, to make sense, it should have been *genealogy*. 'He was a preacher of righteousness, the husband of one wife.' The 'righteousuess,' then, that Noah preached, was *anti-amalgamation!* Keep your genealogy pure! Keep clear of the negro, and the one thing needful is accomplished, multitude of sins are covered, and Heaven is secured! But the "sons of God" would not heed the anti-amalgamation Gospel. They *would* marry the "daughters of men." "These daughters of *men* were *negroes*, and these sons of God were the children of Adam and Eve." "God determined to destroy the world by a flood, for the crime of amalgamation, or miscegenation of the white race with that of the black—mere beasts of the earth."

Now, to these silly vagaries, we reply: 1. That if he understood the Hebrew tongue at all, he would have seen that while in our version the same word, "generations," occurs twice in the verse quoted, "These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God," in the Hebrew, two widely different words are used. The first is *tohldoth*, which signifies also *genealogies*—"these are the *tohldoth*, generations, or genealogies, of Noah." The second is *dohr*—"Noah was perfect in his *dohr*"—which *never* signifies *genealogies*. It comes from a verb, signifying *to move round in a circle*—hence, *an age*, *a generation*, the *revolving period or circle of human life*. In order that "any English scholar may see" what "sense" it will make, to "translate it, *genealogy*," we cite the following passages, where *dohr* occurs, and instead of "generations," the proper rendering, we will give Ariel's substitute, "*genealogy:*"

Deut. 32:5. "A perverse and crooked *genealogy*."

Deut. 32:20. "A very froward *genealogy*."

Ps. 24:6. "The *genealogy* of them that seek Him."

Ps. 33:11. "The thoughts of His heart to all *genealogies.*"

Ps. 49:19. "He shall go to the *genealogy* of his fathers."

Ps. 90:1. "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all *genealogies.*"

Ps. 145:4. "One *genealogy* shall praise thy works to *another.*"

Prov. 30:11. "A *genealogy* that curseth their father."

More than a hundred similar passages could be quoted, but "any English scholar" will, doubtless, be satisfied with these.

2. As to the "daughters of men being *negroes,*" it is sufficient to kill this interpretation outright, to state that, in the original, the words are "daughters of *the* men:" the prefix "*the*" occurs: and according to Ariel, this invariably denotes *Adam's race.*—"The daughters of the men," then, were the children of Adam, and not beasts.

10. We consider his argument of the Negro causing the Confusion of Tongues, and the Dispersion of the Nations. "It appears from the Bible," says he, "that Nimrod was not entirely cured, by the flood, of the antediluvian love for, and miscegenation with, negroes." "Nimrod's hunting was not only of wild animals, but also of *men*—the negro—to subdue them under his power and dominion." "It was Nimrod that directed the great multitude that assembled on the Plain of Shinar. This multitude *were mostly negroes.*" "These Babel-builders *knew that they were but beasts.*" "The Confusion of Language *was confined to those there assembled.*" All this being so, then these inferences follow:

1. If these Babel-builders were beasts, then they were *most wonderful beasts* to build such a City and Tower! But he forgot all this, afterwards, when he tells us, that "the negro builds nothing for ages to come, but like any other beast, his building is only for the day." Surely, the Tower of Bable was a wonderful structure, an illustrious proof of human genius! If these builders were negroes, there is no evidence that they were "directed" by Nimrod, or any one else. They certainly went at their work with a wonderful *vim.* There was unity of purpose, and great concert of action, and their aim was certainly *very high.* They said, "Let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name." Ambition, enterprise, skill, perseverance, genius, certainly characterized these builders; and if they were beasts, they were most wonderful beasts, rather ahead of men now-a-days!—And if they were negroes, they were wonderful negroes, such as are not now to be found on earth!

2. If "the confusion of language was confined to those there assembled," who were "negroes"—who "knew that they were but beasts"—then, variety of languages is characteristic, exclusively of negroes, or beasts, and *not of Adam's race.* Consequently, this variety of tongues proves that those among whom it obtains are negroes, or beasts! But it obtains amongst Whites. Consequently, Whites are Blacks, or Beasts! It is nonsense, too, for Missionaries to go to foreign

lands, and acquire the language of *beasts*, in order to save souls, where there are *no souls* to be saved! For the variety of tongues was a curse upon *beasts*, and as the Bible tells us that "the Lord did there confound the language of *all the earth*," then all the earth is made up of *talking beasts*, and the race of Adam is extinct!!

But the Bible plainly shews us who the Babel-builders were.—"The Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of *the* men builded."—The prefix "the" is found here; so that, according to Ariel, "the men" denote the children of Adam. Thus, this most unfortunate, suicidal rule of his, is perpetually cutting the throat of all his theories! Again: The Bible plainly tells us, from whom the nations were descended, that were divided after the flood: "By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one *after his tongue*, after their families and their nations." "These are the sons of Ham, after their families, *after their tongues*, in their countries, and in their nations."—"These are the sons of Shem, after their families, *after their tongues*, in their lands, after their nations." "These are the families of the sons of Noah, after their generations, in their nations; *and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood.*"

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS: Being a Critical and Expository Commentary, with Doctrinal and Practical Remarks on the Entire Psalter, By WM. S. PLUMER, D. D., Author of "The Bible True," "The Grace of Christ," &c., &c. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.; Edinburgh: A. & C. BLACK, 1867, pp. 1,211:

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The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

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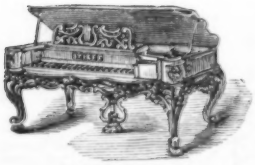
Dec—1867—1y*

PIANOS.  PIANOS.

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and 45 *and* 47, *PERRY STREET,*

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Professor Bauman, - - - -	" "
Rev. C. B. Riddick, - - - -	Kittrell's Springs, "
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July—1yr

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TERMS LIBERAL. Aug 3m*

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July—3m

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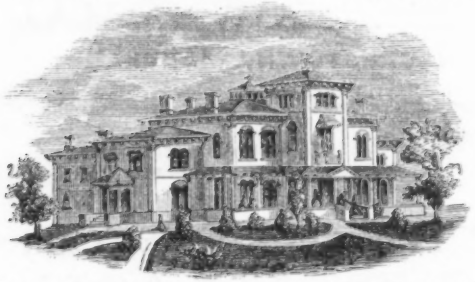

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And 87 1-2 per cent. of Profits to be divided among Policy-Holders,

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CERTIFICATE.

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July—6m*

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Col. R. R. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C. R. H. Smith, Esq., Scotland Neck, N. C.
Col. J. L. Bridgers, " " Dr. W. J. Hawkins, Ridgeway, N. C.,
And to all who have used the Guano. Sept 1867—1yr*

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Purifies the Blood, Improves the Appetite, Aids Digestion, Corrects the Secretions, and Imparts Tone, Strength, and Vivacity to the Whole System, so that persons using it feel that they enjoy an Entire New Life.

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Baltimore, April 22, 1868. F. OLIN DANNELLY.

Baltimore, Md., March 4, 1868.—I believe Dr. Lawrence's *ROSADALIN* to be the Best Alterative in Use, and therefore cheerfully recommend it as such.

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Baltimore, February 10th, 1868.—DR. J. J. LAWRENCE:—Dear Sir—I take pleasure in recommending your *ROSADALIS* as a very powerful alterative.

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Wilson, N. C., January 7th 1868.

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March 1868—6m

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tators and scholars, to be profanity. A bold ignoramus only would have ventured such an assertion. The great majority of commentators and scholars condemn this view.

Calvin says: "It is a foolish figment, that God then began to be called by other names; since Moses does not here censure depraved superstitions, but commends the piety of one family which worshipped God in purity and holiness, when religion, among other people, was polluted or extinct."

Pool says: " 'To call upon the name of the Lord;' to worship God in a more public and solemn manner. Some render the place thus: 'Then began men to profane the name of the Lord.' But this seems neither to agree with the Hebrew phrase, nor to suit with this place, where he speaks of the posterity of Seth; who were the holy seed, and the only church of God then in the world." Even Adam Clarke, to whom Ariel particularly refers, holds the same view with Pool. And this is one of many proofs, that no dependence whatever can be placed upon even the quotations of this scribbler. Clarke shews what his opinion is by these words: "As the followers of God, at this early period, found it indispensably necessary to separate themselves from all those who were irreligious and profane, and to make a public profession of their attachment to the truth; so it should be so now." He refers the opinion, originally, to the Jewish Doctors, that the words signified "profaning the name of the Lord." Most of them, he says, held that view. But on examination, we find, that great difference of opinion existed even among them.

Onkelos, the Chaldee Paraphrast, renders it, "Then began men to pray." But the Chaldee in the Masorites Bible says: "Then in his days, the sons of men left off from praying in the name of the Lord."

In the third place, even if the word "men" were in the Hebrew, and if the word "call" means "profane," how could *beasts* "profane the name of the Lord?"—Neither worship, nor the abuse of it, profanity, can be predicated of a creature that has no soul.—Again. He tells us, "that the law of God, that 'no man having *a flat nose* shall approach unto his altar,' includes the whole negro race, and expressly excludes them from coming to His altar, for any act of worship!" If all flat noses are excluded, then many white men are flatly excluded! And also, every one blind, lame, broken-footed, broken-handed, crook-backed, every dwarf, every one with a blemished eye, or any blemish, are, by the same law, excluded! But it is the flat-nosed man "*of Aaron's seed*," that is specified! See Leviticus 21:17, 18. But if it be forbidden to negroes to engage in an act of worship, what will Ariel make of the following passages? which, according to his canon of criticism, must refer to negroes, as, in each, "men," not "the men," is found: where the prefix "*the*" is wanting, he says, the reference is always to negroes:

"Let us make *negro* in our im-

age."—"The preparations of the heart in *negro* are from the Lord."—"Blessed is *the negro* whose strength is in Thee."—"Son of *negro*, I have made thee a watchman."—"He hath shewed thee, *O Negro*, what is good. And what doth the Lord *require of thee*, but to do justly, and to love mercy, *and to walk humbly with thy God?*" Again: He tells us, that if the negro be left to himself, "to the worship of demons he will go. *Not so with Adam's children.*" And yet the Bible tells us, that "the Gentiles sacrificed to devils, and not to God." 1 Cor. 10:20; and that *even the Jews* sacrificed, not only to idols, but "to devils, and not to God"—Deut. 32:17; yea, that they did even "sacrifice *their sons and their daughters to devils!!*" Ps. 106:37.

9. We consider his argument of the Negro causing the Flood. Miscegenation again, the curse of the old world! Only one man kept himself pure. Noah only "was perfect in his generation." 'Generation' should have been translated 'genealogy.' "Any English scholar will see at once, that, to make sense, it should have been *genealogy*. 'He was a preacher of righteousness, the husband of one wife.' The 'righteousuess,' then, that Noah preached, was *anti-amalgamation!* Keep your genealogy pure! Keep clear of the negro, and the one thing needful is accomplished, multitude of sins are covered, and Heaven is secured! But the "sons of God" would not heed the anti-amalgamation Gospel. They *would* marry the "daughters of men." "These daughters of *men* were *negroes*, and these sons of God were the children of Adam and Eve." "God determined to destroy the world by a flood, for the crime of amalgamation, or miscegenation of the white race with that of the black—mere beasts of the earth."

Now, to these silly vagaries, we reply: 1. That if he understood the Hebrew tongue at all, he would have seen that while in our version the same word, "generations," occurs twice in the verse quoted, "These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God," in the Hebrew, two widely different words are used. The first is *tohldoth*, which signifies also *genealogies*—"these are the *tohldoth*, generations, or genealogies, of Noah." The second is *dohr*—"Noah was perfect in his *dohr*"—which *never* signifies *genealogies*. It comes from a verb, signifying *to move round in a circle*—hence, *an age*, *a generation*, the *revolving period or circle of human life*. In order that "any English scholar may see" what "sense" it will make, to "translate it, *genealogy*," we cite the following passages, where *dohr* occurs, and instead of "generations," the proper rendering, we will give Ariel's substitute, "*genealogy:*"

Deut. 32:5. "A perverse and crooked *genealogy*."

Deut. 32:20. "A very froward *genealogy*."

Ps. 24:6. "The *genealogy* of them that seek Him."

Ps. 33:11. "The thoughts of His heart to all *genealogies.*"

Ps. 49:19. "He shall go to the *genealogy* of his fathers."

Ps. 90:1. "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all *genealogies.*"

Ps. 145:4. "One *genealogy* shall praise thy works to *another.*"

Prov. 30:11. "A *genealogy* that curseth their father."

More than a hundred similar passages could be quoted, but "any English scholar" will, doubtless, be satisfied with these.

2. As to the "daughters of men being *negroes,*" it is sufficient to kill this interpretation outright, to state that, in the original, the words are "daughters of *the* men:" the prefix "*the*" occurs: and according to Ariel, this invariably denotes *Adam's race.*—"The daughters of the men," then, were the children of Adam, and not beasts.

10. We consider his argument of the Negro causing the Confusion of Tongues, and the Dispersion of the Nations. "It appears from the Bible," says he, "that Nimrod was not entirely cured, by the flood, of the antediluvian love for, and miscegenation with, negroes." "Nimrod's hunting was not only of wild animals, but also of *men*—the negro—to subdue them under his power and dominion." "It was Nimrod that directed the great multitude that assembled on the Plain of Shinar. This multitude *were mostly negroes.*" "These Babel-builders *knew that they were but beasts.*" "The Confusion of Language *was confined to those there assembled.*" All this being so, then these inferences follow:

1. If these Babel-builders were beasts, then they were *most wonderful beasts* to build such a City and Tower! But he forgot all this, afterwards, when he tells us, that "the negro builds nothing for ages to come, but like any other beast, his building is only for the day." Surely, the Tower of Bable was a wonderful structure, an illustrious proof of human genius! If these builders were negroes, there is no evidence that they were "directed" by Nimrod, or any one else. They certainly went at their work with a wonderful *vim.* There was unity of purpose, and great concert of action, and their aim was certainly *very high.* They said, "Let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name." Ambition, enterprise, skill, perseverance, genius, certainly characterized these builders; and if they were beasts, they were most wonderful beasts, rather ahead of men now-a-days!—And if they were negroes, they were wonderful negroes, such as are not now to be found on earth!

2. If "the confusion of language was confined to those there assembled," who were "negroes"—who "knew that they were but beasts"—then, variety of languages is characteristic, exclusively of negroes, or beasts, and *not of Adam's race.* Consequently, this variety of tongues proves that those among whom it obtains are negroes, or beasts! But it obtains amongst Whites. Consequently, Whites are Blacks, or Beasts! It is nonsense, too, for Missionaries to go to foreign

lands, and acquire the language of *beasts*, in order to save souls, where there are *no souls* to be saved! For the variety of tongues was a curse upon *beasts*, and as the Bible tells us that "the Lord did there confound the language of *all the earth*," then all the earth is made up of *talking beasts*, and the race of Adam is extinct!!

But the Bible plainly shews us who the Babel-builders were.—"The Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of *the* men builded."—The prefix "the" is found here; so that, according to Ariel, "the men" denote the children of Adam. Thus, this most unfortunate, suicidal rule of his, is perpetually cutting the throat of all his theories! Again: The Bible plainly tells us, from whom the nations were descended, that were divided after the flood: "By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one *after his tongue*, after their families and their nations." "These are the sons of Ham, after their families, *after their tongues*, in their countries, and in their nations."—"These are the sons of Shem, after their families, *after their tongues*, in their lands, after their nations." "These are the families of the sons of Noah, after their generations, in their nations; *and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood.*"

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS: Being a Critical and Expository Commentary, with Doctrinal and Practical Remarks on the Entire Psalter, By WM. S. PLUMER, D. D., Author of "The Bible True," "The Grace of Christ," &c., &c. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.; Edinburgh: A. & C. BLACK, 1867, pp. 1,211:

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